

CHOICE
Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues

To SING to the
THEORBO-LUTE, or BASS-VIOL.

B E I N G

Most of the Newest *Ayres* and *Songs*, Sung at *COURT*,
And at the Publick *THEATRES*.

Composed by Several Gentlemen of His Majesties Musick, and others.

Newly Re-printed with large ADDITIONS.



L O N D O N

Printed by *William Godbid*, and are Sold by *John Playford*
near the *Temple Church*, 1676.

To the LOVERS of
MUSIC.

Gentlemen & Ladies,

MUSIC is of different effects, and admits of as much variety of Fancy to please all Humours as any Science whatever. It moves the Affections sometimes into a sober Composure, and other-times into an active Jollity. These *Songs* and *Ayres* are such as were lately Composed, and are very suitable and acceptable to the *Genius* of these *Times*. Many of the Words have been already Published, which gave but little content to divers Ingenious Persons, who thought them as dead, unless they had the *Airy Tunes* to quicken them; to gratifie whom, was a great inducement to me for their Publication. Your kind acceptance and general good liking of the former Impression of this Book has both encouraged and obliged me to present you with this New Edition; wherein I have taken special care to Correct those Errors that before escaped in the *Musick* untaken notice of; and have likewise added several *Stanzas* of Verses to the *Songs* that then wanted them; as also now added above Forty new *Ayres*, *Songs*, and *Dialogues*, never before Printed; Not doubting, but the Excellency of the whole Work, as it is now published, is such, as will be kindly received by all true and ingenious Lovers of *Musick*; which is the Endeavour of him, who is your

Most Hearty Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

An Alphabetical Table of the Songs and Dialogues in this Book.

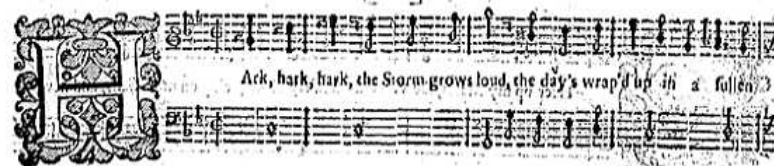
A Lover I'm born and a Lover I'll be	14	Long by disdain	85
After the pang of a desperate Lover	4	Let us Drink and be merry	95
And I'll go to my Love, where he lies in the deep	10	Mine own Sabine come along	15
At the sight of my Phillis	24	My Tenth I kept free from all sorts of care	25
Oh Coridon, in vain you boast	16	No think the poor town has been troubled to long	41
As I walk'd in the woods, one evening of late	36	Now Affairs of the State	50
Oh, false Amintas, can that hour	42	Nay let me alone	54
Amintas led me to a Grove	50	Nay pretence no more	86
Amintas, that true hearted Swain	53	O Love! if e're thou'll ease a heart	11
Oh cruel Eyes that first enslav'd	58	Of all the brisk Dances	21
Away with the silly blind god	ibid.	On the Bank of a Brook	34
Oh Phillis, would the gods decree	62	Oh name not the day	46
Oh fading Joy, how quickly art thou past	66	Oh the time that is past	54
Oh, what shall we do, when our eyes	71	Of all the gay Ladies that walk the brisk Town	61
Adieu to the pleasures and solaces of Love	73	O how I labour the tumult and smog	80
Oh how long have I fed my desire	74	Phillis, for shame let us improve	34
Beneath a Myrtle bower	37	Phillis, the time is come that we must sever	20
Be joyful my Friends, for the Muses we spend	40	Phillis, Oh turn that face away	48
Be joyful to more shall offer Eclyps	49	Rum to Loves Lottery	5
Cherish my Mate, the wind hath fairly blow	2	Since we poor slaves when know	18
Oh how the Ho-bling and clear was the Sky	18	Some happy soul come down and tell	19
Can Lucina form a fake	18	Since Phillis we find	67
Oh let us by your care, and bring up your sorrow	40	Sit the down by me	76
Come away to his Glass, be a temperate Ass	56	Since Celia's my fit	77
Down with this Love	34	Thus Cupid commenced his Race	13
Farewell fair Cynthia, my joy and my grief	119	Thus all our life long we frolic	13
Fill'd with the Health good nature and free	39	Was justly afraid, and yet so much in vain	17
Forth from the dark and dismal cell	34	The Nymph that under me	31
For my Love sleep now in a happy Grove	10	Till we Admiration	44
For Cloris, as silly to sigh thus in vain	64	To night, good grief	49
Oh how I love to see you in your arms	76	The day you would a riv'd at last	47
Give me a faith, heart and make best to despair	18	Tie the Grapes that discovered of	56
God Cupid for certain, as justly as blind	46	The delights of the Bottle	74
Hark, hark, the Storm grows loud	104	When Clodion a slave did be	7
How it angrily scours and whist'les are we grown	122	When Aurelia first I courted	14
How severe is the cruel blow	30	Whist'ling Alexia prest in her arms	22
How happy a Lover am I	32	Whist'ling of pleasures	29
How pleasant is Mutual Love	38	Why Phillis to me so much	33
How bonny and brisk, ah happy	42	Why should a foolish Marriage Pow	35
How oft have I bid defiance	59	When Phillis and the splendid Eye	42
How large an extent has Loves Empire	78	Why O Cupid, so long	48
How all my blinks in a shady Grove	21	When a Woman that's a Nurse	51
I have no more dealing find Cupid, with thee	21	When madness (as it were) over our drinking	55
I laugh'd all night, and sigh'd all the day	40	When first I saw fair Celia's face	61
I am no subject to fate	44	When I saw your lovely eyes	63
I wish not so much on thy fading success	44	When I shall leave this world of clay	69
I wish not for one that we're thinks of me	52	What fight and grows	79
Oh, how I love to see you in your arms	76	When Celia my heart and surprise	84
Is Clodion not kind	71		
I must confess not many years ago	75		
I heard a young Lover	79		
Let Fortune and Phillis prove it, they please	27		
Let us drink dear Friends let us drink	38		
Long term'd love and fear	50		
Let behind a Sea of Seas	52		
Long since fair Clorinda, I.D.	61		

IMPRIMATUR,

Roger L. Strange.

The Storm.

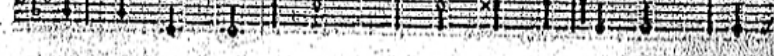
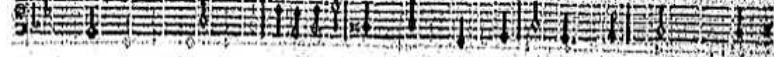
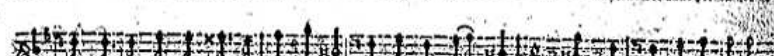
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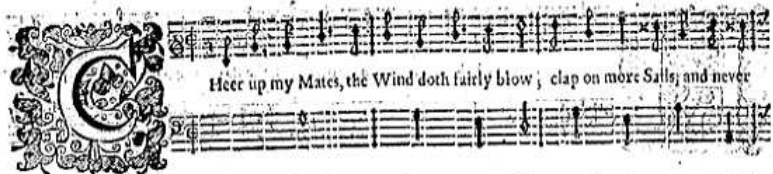
Ack, hark, hark, the Storm grows loud, the day's wrap'd up in a sudden



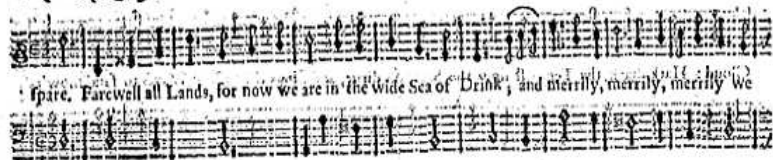
Cloud: Hark, hark, the Tempest sings the Seaman's dirge, and flings the rest up Waves to fatal show'rs



Trident show, See, it grows calm, the Storm's now cease, and all the Ocean's face shows smiles of peace.



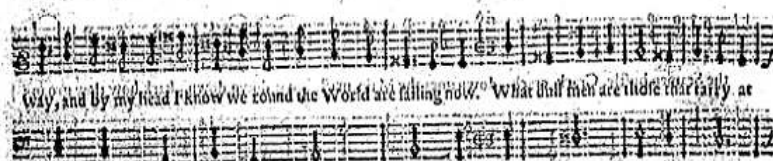
Heer up my Mates, the Wind doth fairly blow; clap on more Sails; and never



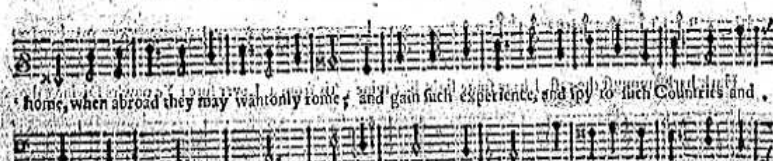
spare. Farewell all Lands, for now we are in the wide Sea of Drink; and merrily, merrily, merrily we



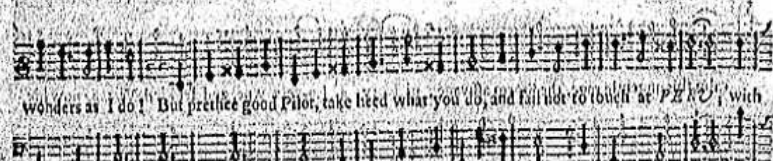
go. Bless me! tis hot; another bowl of Wine, and we shall cut the burning Line: Hey boys the floods a-



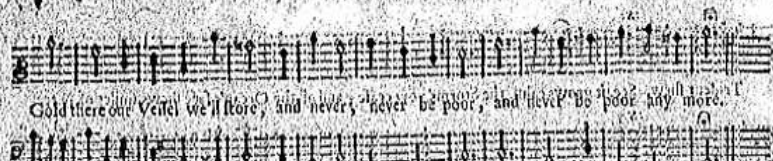
way, and by my head I know we round the World are sailing now. What shall men are those that sail at



home, when abroad they may wantonly rove; and gain such experience, and spy to such Countries and



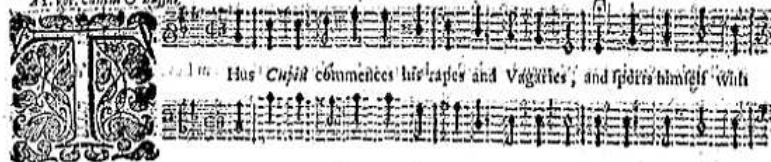
wonders as I do! But prithee good Pilot, take heed what you do, and sail safe to the end of the world; with



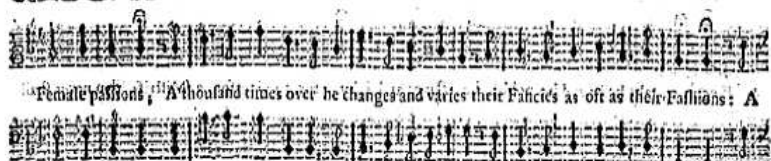
Gold there our Vessel we'll store, and never be poor, and never be poor any more.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

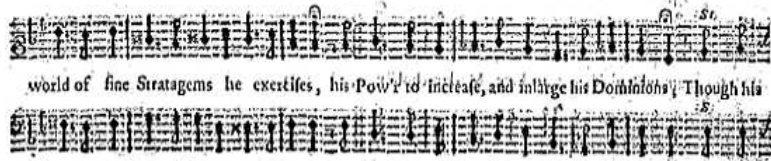
A. 1. For Violon & Bass.



His Cupid commences his rapes and Vagaries; and spirits himself with



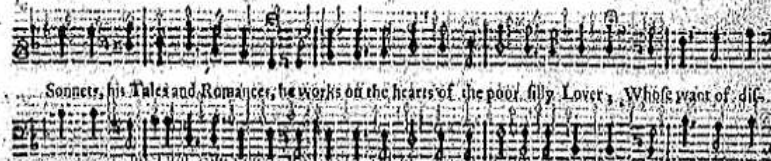
Female passions: A thousand times over he changes and varies their Fancies as oft as their Fashions: A



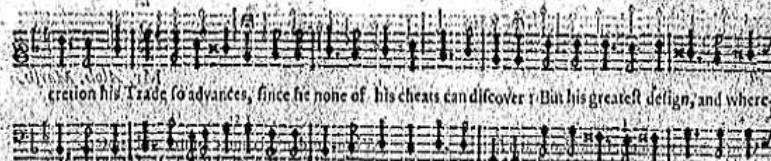
world of fine Stratagems he exerts, his Pow'r to increase, and enlarge his Dominions: Though his



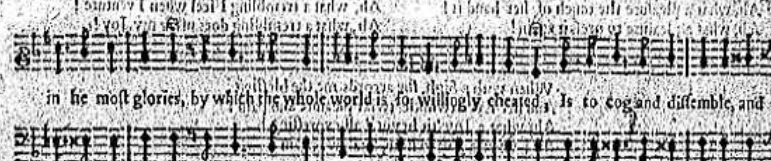
force be but feeble; by fraud he surprises the Lord knows how many millions: With his Songs and his



Sonnets, his Tales and Romances; he works on the hearts of the poor silly Lover, whose want of dis-

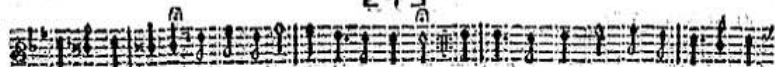


cretion his Trade so advances, since he none of his cheats can discover: But his greatest design, and where



in the most glories, by which the whole world is, for willingly cheated, is to cog and dissemble, and

B 2



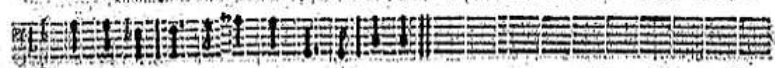
tell lying Stories, as Women love best to be treated. Now you that from Love are resolv'd to be



Free-man, take heart and be noble, be active, and jolly; for to pine for a Mistress, you never shall

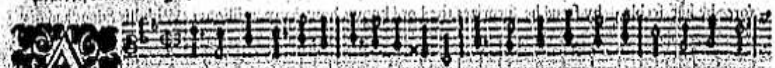


free man, who yields not to love Mc-lan-cho-l-y.



Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

W. A. Pitt, Chairman of Board.



Ever the pangs of a desperate Lover, when day and night I have sigh'd all in vain



And what a pleasure it is to dis-co-ver, in her Eyes Pay who causes my Pain,



Mr. Alph. Mayb.

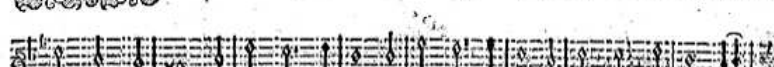
When with unkindness our Love at a stand is :
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain
Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is !
Ah, what a pleasure to press again !

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny
Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah, what a trembling does usher my Joy!

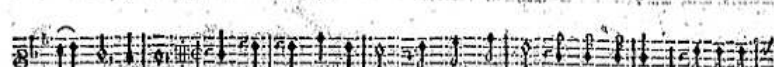
When with a Sigh, she accords me the blessing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain;
Ah, what a Joy 'tis beyond all expressing!
Ah! what a Joy to hear, Shall we again?



Un to Loves Lottery, run Maids and rejoice, whilst seeking your chance you



meet your own choice: And boast that your luck you help with design, by praying cross-legg'd to



St. Valentine. Hark, hark, a Prize is drawn, and Trumps is found, Tan ta-ra-ra-ra, Tan ta-ra



ra ra, Tan ta ra ra ra, hark Maids, more Lotts are drawn; prizes abroad, Dub dub a dub a dub, the



Drum now beats, and Dub a dub a dub. Echo repeats, as if at night the god of War had made



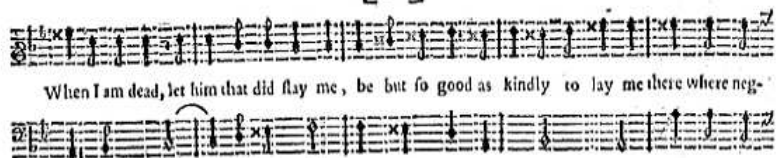
Loves Queen a skirmish for a Serenade. Hail, hail, fair Maids, and come away. The Priest attends your



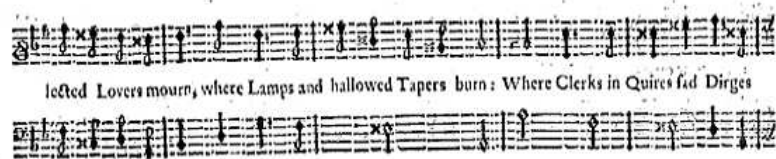
Bridegrooms' stay: 'Roses and Pinks will be strown where you go, whilst I walk in shades of Willow, willow.



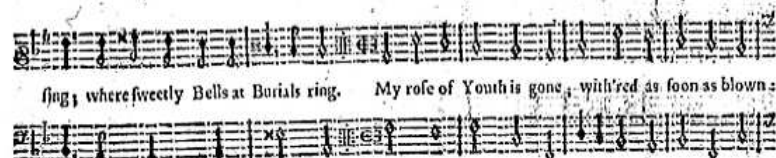
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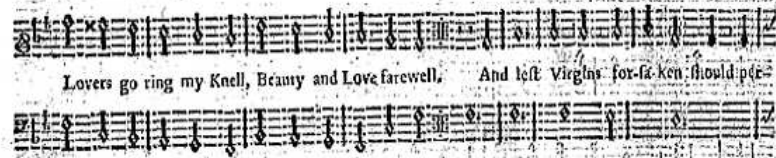
When I am dead, let him that did slay me, be but so good as kindly to lay me there where neg-



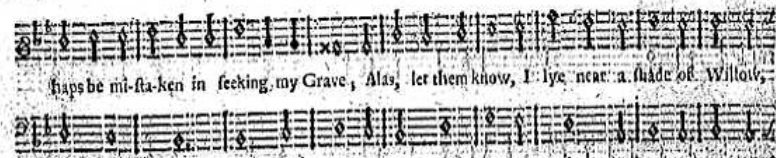
lected Lovers mourn, where Lamps and hallowed Tapers burn: Where Clerks in Quires sad Dirges



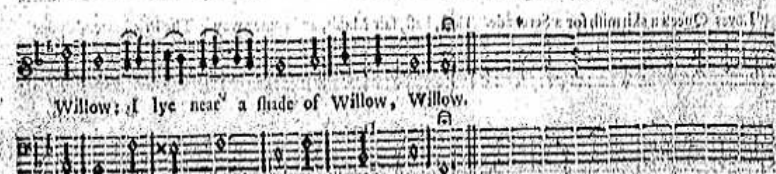
sing, where sweetly Bells at Burials ring. My rose of Youth is gone, with'ed as soon as blown:



Lovers go ring my Knell, Beauty and Love farewell. And lest Virgins for-sa-ken should per-

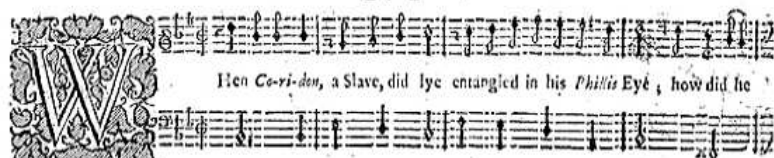


haps be mi-sta-ken in seeking my Grave, Alas, let them know, I lye near a shade of Willow,

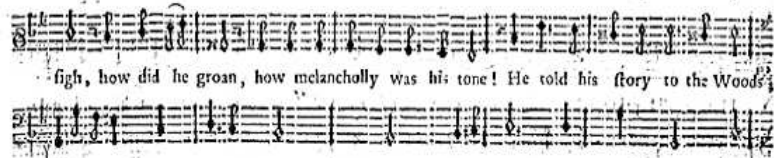


Willow: I lye near a shade of Willow, Willow.

Mr. John Gregory



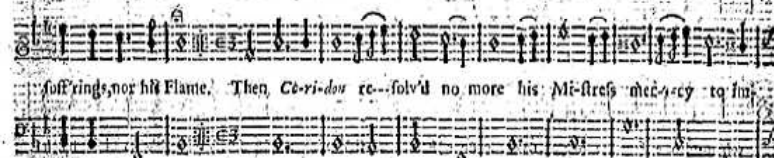
Hen Co-ri-den, a Slave, did lye entangled in his Phillis Eye, how did he



figh, how did he groan, how melancholly was his tone! He told his story to the Woods,



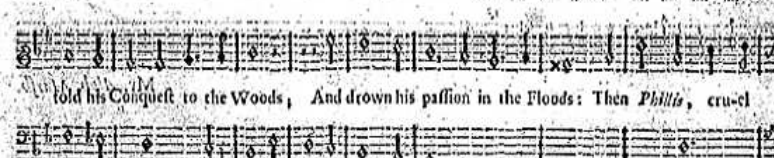
and wept his passion by the Floods: Yet Phillis, cruel Phillis, too to blame, regarded not his



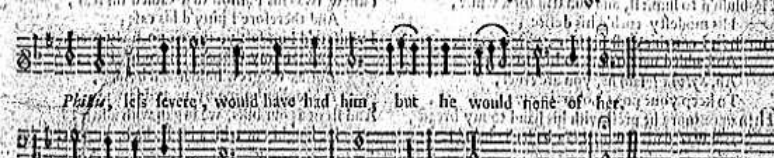
suff'rings, nor his Flame. Then Co-ri-den re-solv'd no more his Mi-stress mee-ney to im-



plore, How did he laugh, how did he sing, how did he make the Forrest ring! He



told his Conquest to the Woods, And drown his passion in the Floods: Then Phillis, cru-el

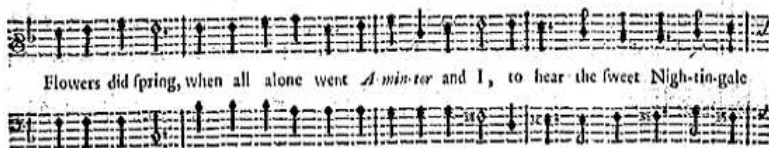


Phillis, let's severe, would have had him, but he would none of her.

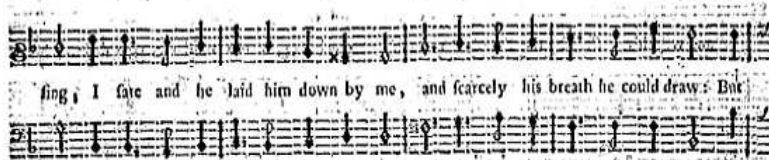
A. & V. Cantus & Bass.



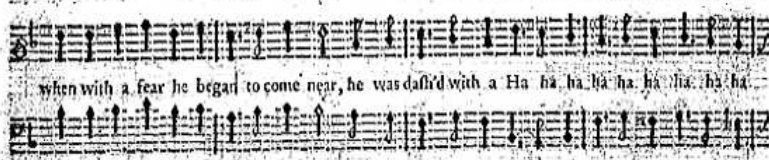
Alm was the Ev'ning, and clear was the Sky, and the sweet budding



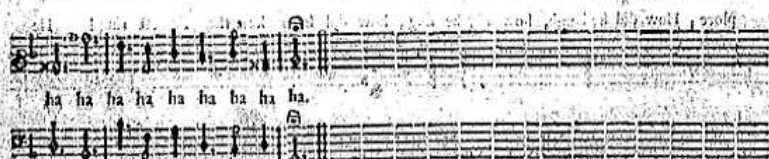
Flowers did spring, when all alone went *A-min-ter* and I, to hear the sweet Nigh-tin-gale



sing, I sat and he laid him down by me, and scarcely his breath he could draw: But



when with a fear he began to come near, he was dash'd with a Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha



ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Mr. Alph. Naisb.

II.
He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while,
His modesty curb'd his desire;
But straight I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
And added new flames to his fire:
Ah, Sylvia I said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast,
But was dash'd with a Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

III.
I knew 'twas his Passion that caus'd his fear,
And therefore I pity'd his case,
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek close to his Face:
But as we grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by, us and saw:
And straight as our bills, we began with a hiss,
He laugh'd out with a Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

A. & V. Cantus & Bass.



Arewel fair *Ar-mi-da*, my Joy and my Grief, in vain I have



Lov'd you, and hope no relief: Undone by your Virtue too strict and se-vere, Your Eyes gave me



Love, and you gave me dis-pair. Now call'd by my Honour, I seek with content, the Fate which in-



pi-ty you would not prevent: To Languish in Love, were to find by de-lay a



Death that's more welcome the speedier way.

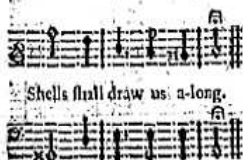
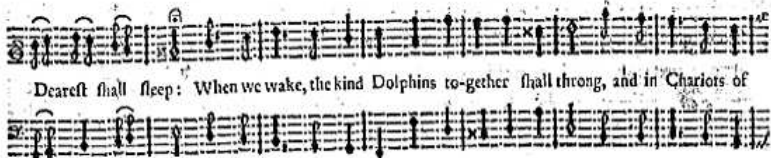
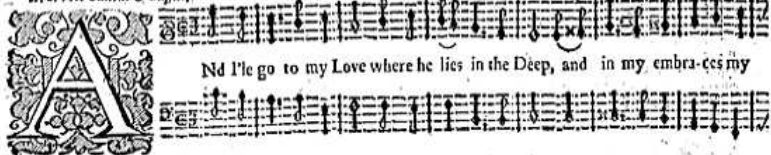


Mr. Robert Smith.

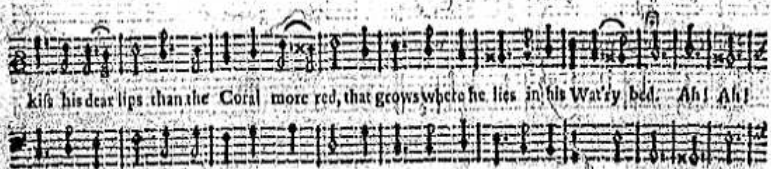
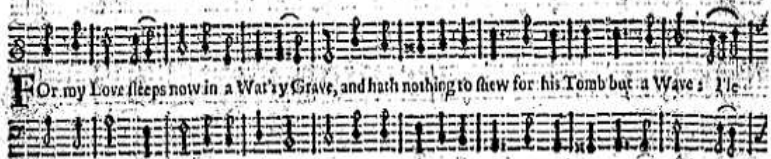
II.
On Seas and in Battles, 'mongst Bullets and Fire,
The danger is less than in hopele's desire:
My Deaths wound you gave me though far off it bear,
My Fate from your sight not to cost you a Tear.
But if the kind Floods on a Wave will convey,
And under your Window my Body should lay,
The Wound on my Breast, when you happen to see,
You'll say with a sigh, it was given by me.

Captain DIGHT's Farewell.

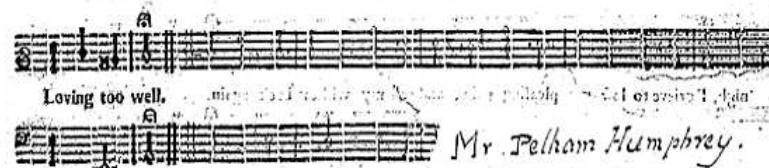
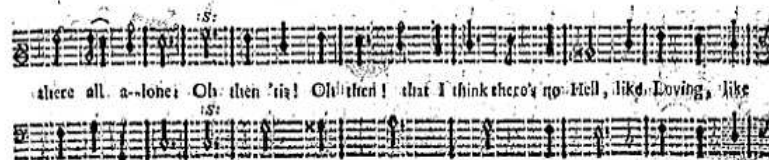
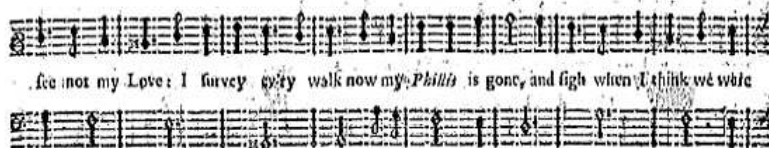
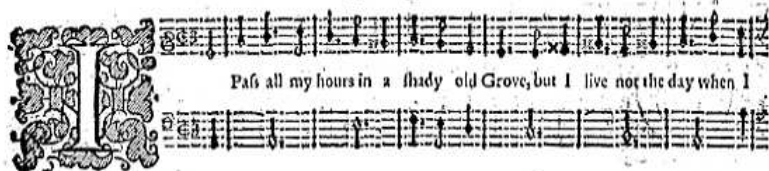
A. 2. Voz. Cantus & Bassus.



The Orientest Pearl that the Ocean best owes
We'll mix with the Coral, and a Crown so compose;
The Sea Nymphs shall sigh, and envy our bliss;
We'll teach them to Love, and Cocksles to Kiss.



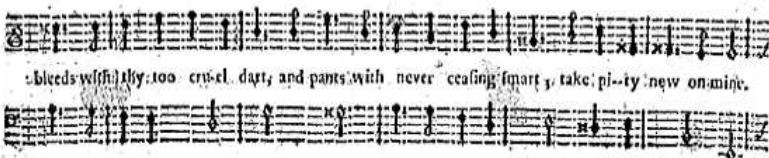
Mr. Robert Smith.



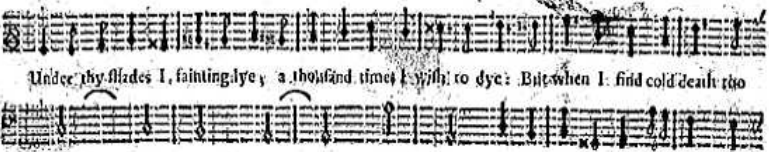
- II. But each Shade and each conscious Bow'r, when I find
Where I once have been happy, and She has been kind:
When I see the print left of her shape in the Green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again;
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis! I think no joys above
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.
- III. While alone to my self I repeat all her Charms,
She I love may be lockt in another man's arms;
She may laugh at my Cares, and so fill the measure,
To say all the kind things she before said to me.
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis! that I think there's no Hell
Like Loving, like Loving too well.
- IV. But when I consider the soft of her heart
Such an innocent Passion, so kind without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love to be, as I am of me
And then 'tis, and then 'tis, I think no joys above
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.



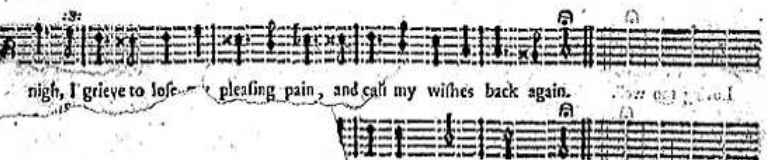
Love! if e're thou'lt ease a Heart that owns thy pow'r di-vine, and



bleeds wishfully too cru-el, dart, and pants with never ceasing smart, take pi-ty new on mine.



Under thy shades I, fainting, lye, a thousand times I wish to dye: But when I find cold death too



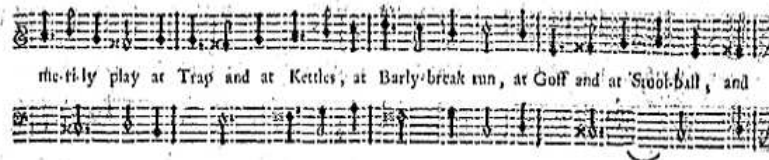
nigh, I grieve to lose the pleasing pain, and call my wishes back again.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

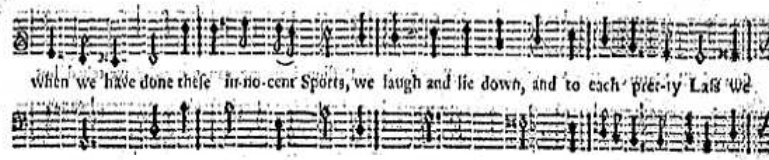
long
Grove
igh and Moah,
to gave a Groan,
loved to hide
rief to hide
most Dy'd
cho chide
h of moving Air
my sorrows bear
dye to gain
of pain
with retain
indly of
abund
refus'd
with secret flame,
or dye with flame.



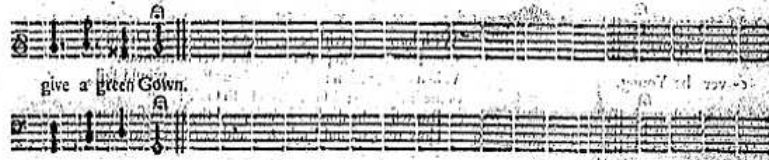
Hus all our lives long we're frolick at d' gay, and instead of Court Revels, we



the-ri-ly play at Tray and at Kettles, at Barly-break run, at Golf and at Stool-ball, and



when we have done these in-no-cent Sports, we laugh and lie down, and to each 'pre-ty Lark we



give a Green Gown.

Mr. John Banister.

II.
We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Partridge, Pheasant, the Pheasant our Quarry,
The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chase,
And the little pretty Lark betray with a glass,
And when we have done,

III.
About the May-pole we dance all a round,
And with Garland of Pinks and Roses are crown'd,
Our little kind tribute we merrily pay
To the gay Lad, and the bright Lady of May,
And when we have done,

IV.
With our delicate Nymphs we kiss and we toy,
What others but dream of, we daily enjoy,
With our Sweet-hearts we dally so long till we find
Their pretty Eyes say their Hearts are grown kind,
And when we have done we laugh and lye down,
And to each pretty Lark we give a green Gown.



Lover I'm Born, and a Lover I'll be, and hope from my Love I shall

ne-ver be free. Let wisdom abound in the grave Woman-hater, yet never to Love, is a

sign of ill Nature: But he who loves well, and whose Passion is strong, can never be wretched, but

e-ver be Young.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.
With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
Our Hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion;
When our Passion is pall'd, and our Fancy would fail,
Some little quarrel supplies a fresh Gale:
But when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealousies gone,
How we Kiss and Embrace, and can never have done.



When *Au-re-lia* first I Courted, she had Youth and Beauty too,

killing Pleasures when she sported, and her Charms were ever new. Conquering Time hath

now deceiv'd her, which her glories did uphold: All her Arts can ne'er retrieve her,

poor *Au-re-lia* growing old.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

Those Airy spirits which invited,
Are return'd, and now no more;
And her Eyes are now brighten'd;
Which were dimm'd heretofore.
Want of these abates her merits;
Yet I have passion for her Name:
Only kind and amorous Spirits,
Kindle, and maintain the Flame.



My own *Sa-bi-na*, come along, the subject of my Song, for thee I long:

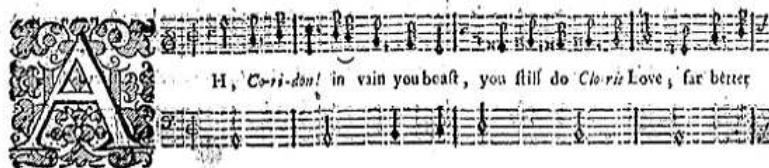
Then know, my pretty Sweetest, know, since 'thou' lov'st me, I'll fancy nothing in the World but

thee: I'll fancy nothing in the World but thee.

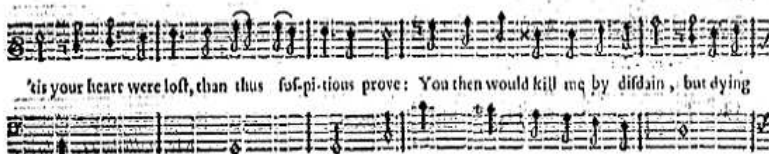
III.
That were I to receive my Death by thy fair Eye;
I'd count it in the pits to buried lye.

Display thine Arms, thy Wealth unfold,
Then like to Jove of old,
in liquid Gold;

And we'll carouse it in Loves bowls to such a bliss,
Our Souls shall mingle, while our Bodies Kiss,
We'll have *Elision* here, as they have there.



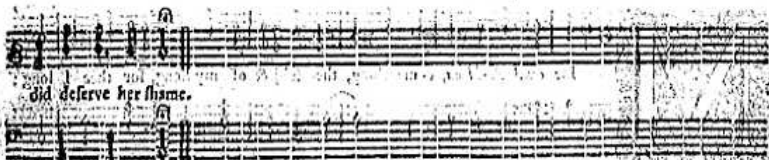
H, *Cori-don!* in vain you boast, you still do *Cloris* Love, far better



'tis your heart were lost, than thus for-pi-tious prove: You then would kill me by disdain, but dying

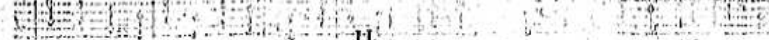


thus, you blot my Name. For all will say, *Cloris* was false, and went astray: *Cloris* was false, and

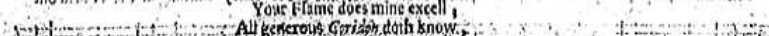


did deserve her shame.

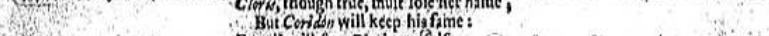
Mr. Robert Smith.



II. For happy Shepherd, well you know



Your Flame does mine excell,



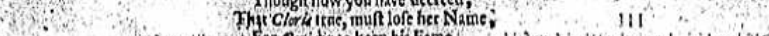
All generous *Coridon* doth know,



But none my Tale will tell:



Cloris, though true, must lose her name,



But *Coridon* will keep his fame:



For all will say, *Cloris* was false,



And went astray:



Cloris was false, and did deserve her shame.



III. For happy Shepherd, when you hear



That I am dead, indeed,

I do believe you'll shed one Tear,

Though now you have decreed,

That *Cloris* true, must lose her Name,

For *Coridon* to keep his Fame,

For then you'll say, *Cloris* was true,

And ne'er did stray:

Cloris was true, and did deserve the shame.

III. For happy Shepherd, when you hear

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Though now you have decreed,

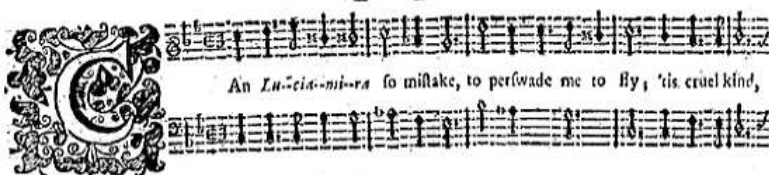
That *Cloris* true, must lose her Name,

For *Coridon* to keep his Fame,

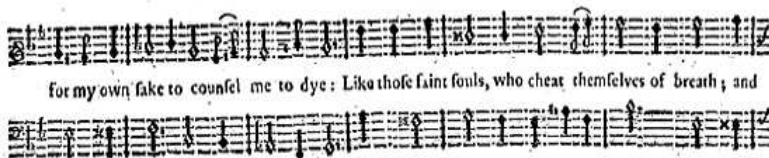
For then you'll say, *Cloris* was true,

And ne'er did stray:

Cloris</



An Lu-cia-mi-ra so mistake, to persuade me to fly, 'tis cruel kind,



for my own sake to counsel me to dye: Like those faint souls, who cheat themselves of breath; and

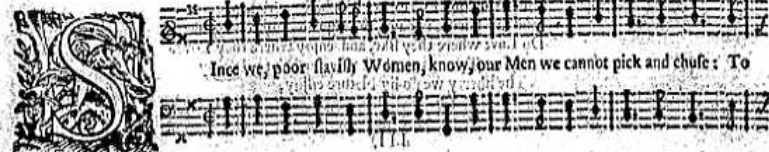


dye, for fear of death.

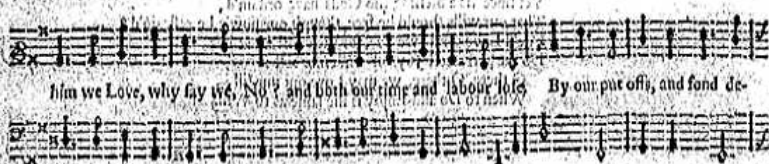
Mr. John Banister.

II.
Since Love's the principle of Life,
And you the object Lov'd;
Let's, *Luciamira*, end this strife,
I cease to be remov'd:
We know not what they do are gone from hence;
But here we Love by sense.

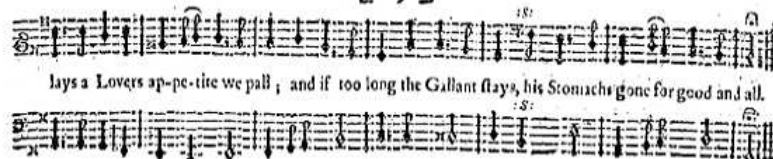
III.
If the Platonicks, who would prove
Souls without Bodies Love;
Had with respect, well understood
The Passions of the Blood:
They'd suffer Mortals to have had their part;
And rested Love in th' Heart.



Once we, poor slavish Women, know, our Men we cannot pick and chuse: To



him we Love, why say we, No; and loth our time and labour lose By our put off, and fond de-

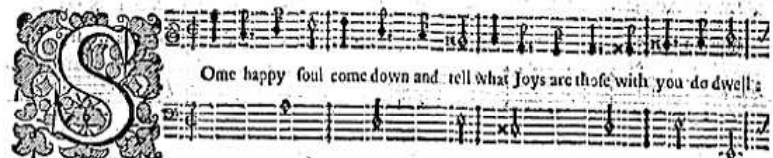


lays a Lovers ap-pe-tite we pall; and if too long the Gallant stays, his Stomach's gone for good and all.

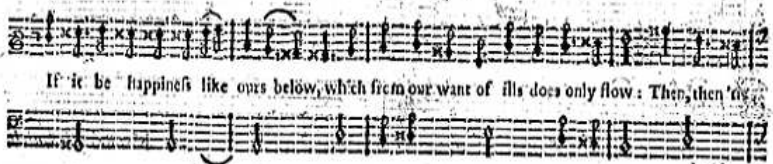
Mr. John Banister.

II.
Or our impatient amorous Guest,
Unknown to us, away may steal;
And rather than stay for a feast,
Take up with some course ready meal.
When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Women be so too;
And if the Man be to her mind,
Be sure she do not let him go.

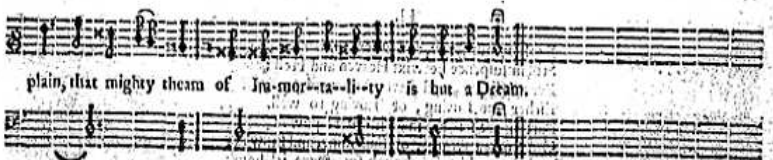
III.
The Match soon made, is happiest still;
For Love has only there to do:
Let no one Marry 'gainst her will;
But stand off, when her Parents Woo:
And to the Sutor be not coy;
For the whom Joynture can obtain;
To let a Fop her bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for gate.



One happy soul come down and tell what Joys are those with you do dwell:



If it be happiness like ours below, which from our want of ills does only flow: Then, then 'tis

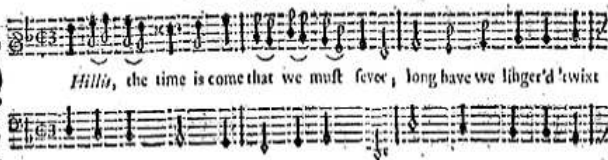


plain, that mighty theme of In-mor-ta-li-ty is but a Dream.

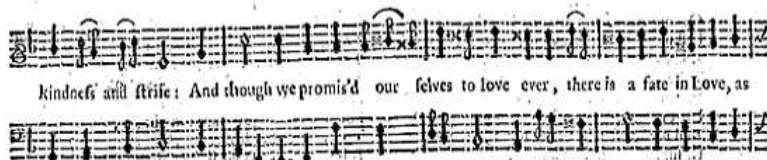
Mr. Robert Smith.

II.
'Tis Love, 'tis Love! For nothing can
Give real happiness to man;
But Joys like those that Lovers souls enjoy
Which here on Earth there's nothing can destroy.
Ay, ay, 'tis Love can only be
The happy souls felicitie.

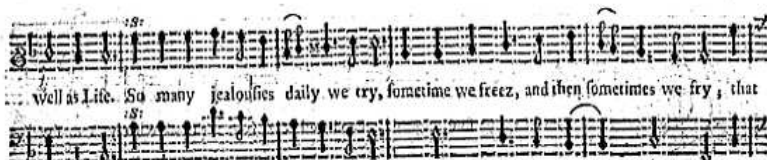
III.
Are your delights in what you see?
Of wonderful variety?
Or can your Joys arise from pleasant things;
Your Taste, or Smelling, to your fancy brings?
No, no, 'tis plain, if it were so,
Pleasure by gradual steps must go;



Still, the time is come that we must sever, long have we linger'd 'twixt



kindness and strife: And though we promis'd our selves to love ever, there is a fate in Love, as



well as Life. So many jealousies daily we try, sometime we freeze, and then sometimes we fry, that



Love in Colds, or in Fevers, will dye.

Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

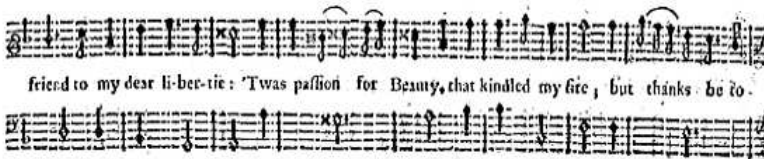
Both by our selves, and others tormented,
Still in suspense betwixt Heaven and Hell:
Neer desiring, and never contented,
Either not Loving, or Loving to well.
Parting we still are in each others' powers,
Our Love's a weather of Sun-shine, and Show'rs,
Its days are bitter, though sweeter are its hours,

III.

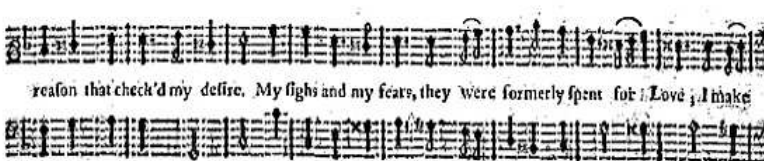
Why should we hate any longer Importune,
Since to each other unhappy we prove:
Like losing Gamblers, we tempt our ill Fortune,
Both might be luckier in a new Love.
This were the way our reason best way,
But when we so pleasing a Passion destroy,
We may be more happy, but less should enjoy.



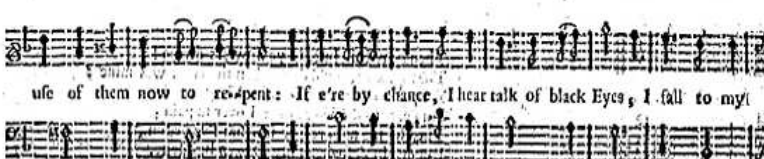
Le have no more dealings, fond Con-pid, with thee; so much I'm a



friend to my dear li-ber-tie: 'Twas passion for Beauty, that kindled my fire, but thanks be to



reason that check'd my desire, My sighs and my fears, they were formerly spent for Love; I make



use of them now to re-sent: If e're by chance, I hear talk of black Eyes, I fall to my



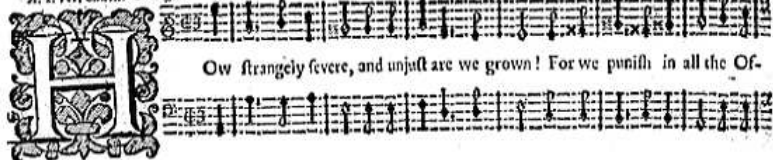
Pray'rs, and the Ill spirit flies.

Mr. William Gregory.

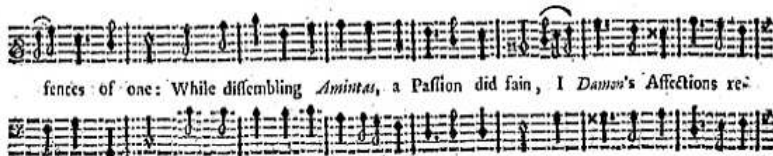
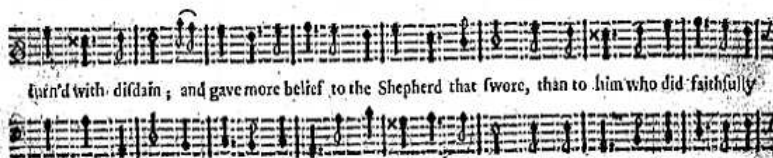
II.

There's none in the world madder than he,
That loves his own dangers, and will not be free:
He ne'er be confin'd to the Devils black Rod,
For serving in Love, a fantastical God.
Experience hath taught me the infallible Art,
Of curbing my Eye-sight, to preserve my Heart:
Where e're I encounter a Beautifull face,
I bless my self! I turn aside, and mend my pace.

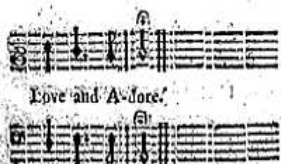
A. 1. Ver. Cantus & Basses.



Ow strangely severe, and unjust are we grown! For we punish in all the Of-

fences of one: While dissembling *Amitas*, a Passion did fain, I *Damon's* Affections re-

tain'd with disdain; and gave more belief to the Shepherd that swore, than to him who did faithfully



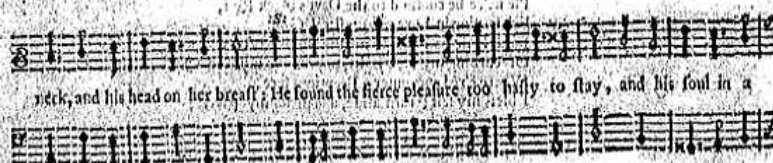
Love and A-dore!

Mr. William Turner.

II.

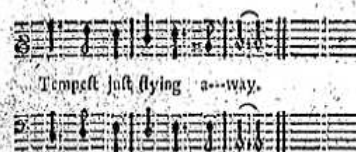
Then how is it Just, O ye Powers divine!
That *Damon* should dye, when the error was mine;
Yet pardon me once, and if ever again
I'm deaf to the Voice of a Lover in pain;
Then let me not prosper in what I've begun;
But dye in despair, as my *Damon* has done.

A. 1. Ver. Cantus & Basses.

Hilt *Alexis* lay prest in her Arms he lov'd best, with his hand round her

neck, and his head on her breast; He found the fiery pleasure too hasty to stay, and his soul in a

II.



Tempest just flying a-way.

Mr. Nicholas Stagins.

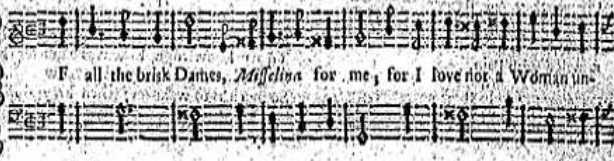
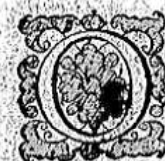
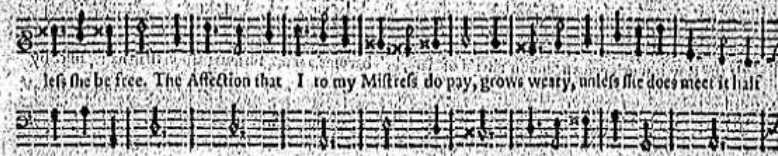
When *Celia* saw this, with a Sigh and a Kiss
She cry'd, O my Dear! I'm robb'd of my bliss;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

III.

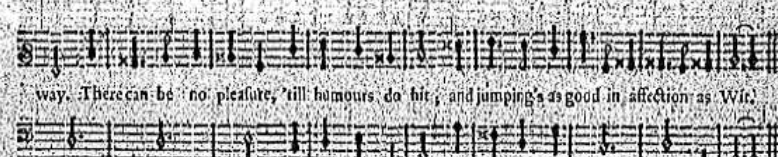
The Youth, though in haste, and breathing his last,
In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more fast;
Till at length she cry'd, now, my Dear, now
Let's go; Now dye, my *Alexis*, and I will dye too.

IV.

Thus intranc'd she did lye, while *Alexis* did try
To recover new breath, that again he might dye;
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did so,
The nymph dy'd more quick, and the shepherd more slow.

O all the brisk Dames, *Asselina* for me, for I love not a Woman un-

less she be free. The Affection that I to my Mistress do pay, grows weary, unless she does meet it half



way. There can be no pleasure, till humours do hit, and jumpings as good in affection as Wit.

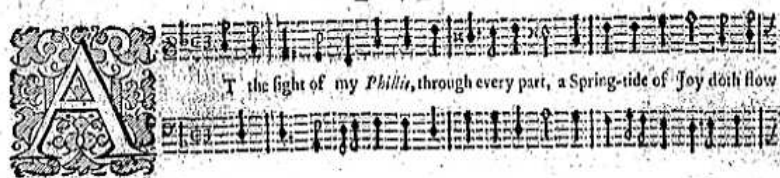
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

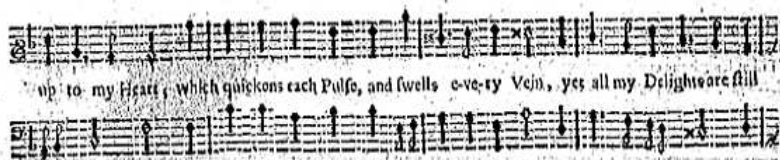
No sooner I came, but she lik'd me as soon;
No sooner I ask'd, but she granted my boon;
And without a Preamble, a Portion, or Joynture,
She promis'd to meet me, where e're I did appoint her.
So we struck up a watch, and embraced each other,
Without the consent of Father or Mother.

III.

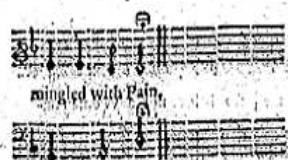
Then away with a Lady that's modest and coy;
Let her ends be the pleasures that we do enjoy;
Let her tickle her fancy with secret delight,
And refuse all the day, what she longs for at night,
I believe my *Seline*, who shows they're all mad
To feed on dry Bones, when Flesh may be had.



T he sight of my *Philis*, through every part, a Spring-tide of Joy doth flow



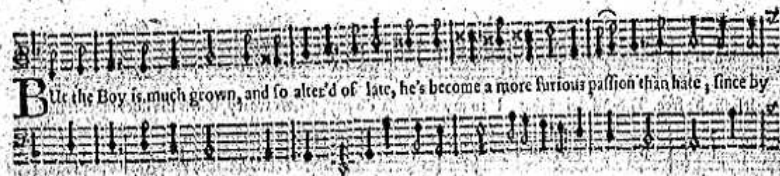
up to my Heart, which quickens each Pulse, and swells e-ve-ry Vein, yet all my Delights are still



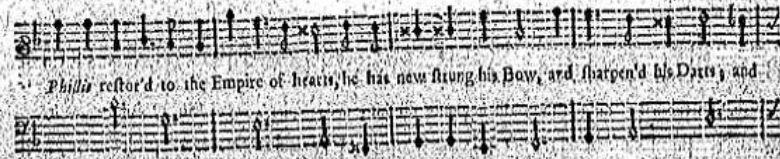
mingled with Pain,

II.

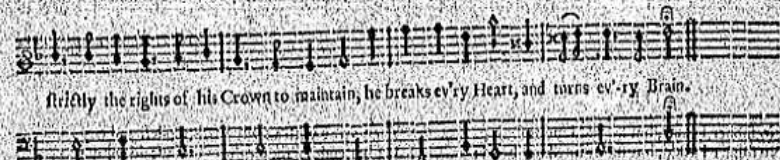
So strong a Dissemper, sure Love cannot bring;
To my Knowledge, Love was a quieter thing;
So gentle and tame, that he never was known
So much as to wake me, when I lay alone.



B ut the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of late, he's become a more furious passion than hate, since by



Philis restor'd to the Empire of hearts, he has new string'd his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts, and

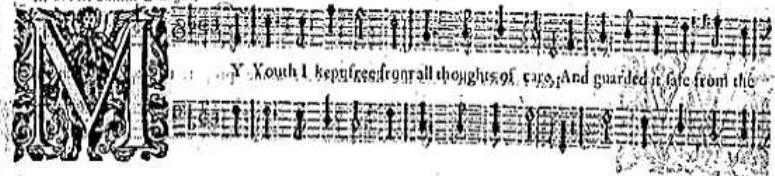


strictly the rights of his Crown to maintain, he breaks ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'ry Brain.

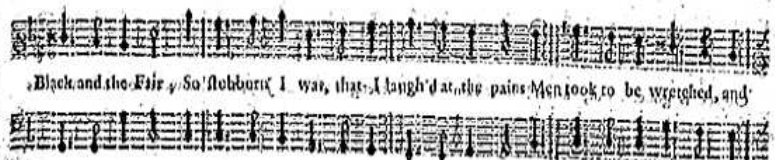
Mr. *Relaps Smith*.

My Madnets, alas! I too plainly discover;
For he is at least as much Mad-man as Lover;
Who for one cruel Beauty, is ready to quit
All the Nymphs of the Stage, and those of the Pit;
The Joys of *Hids-park*, and the *Maid's* dear delight,
To be Sober all Day, and Chast all the Night.

A. 2. Voc. Cantor & Bass.



Y eouth I kept free from all thoughts of, and guarded it safe from the



Black and the Fair; So Robb'd I was, that I laugh'd at the pains Men took to be wretched, and

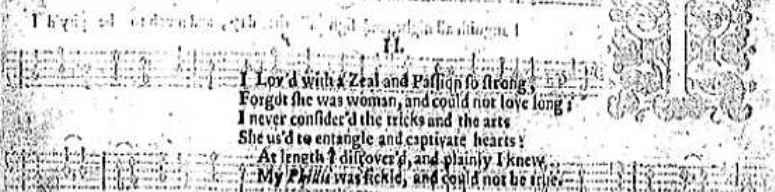


loaded with Chains: But when I the Charms of my *Philis* did see, I was

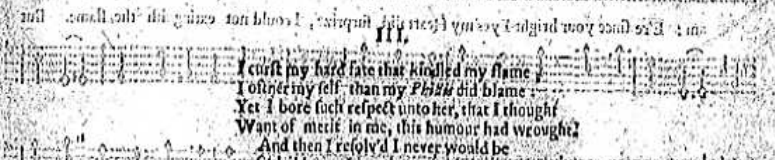


Heart, and refus'd to be free;

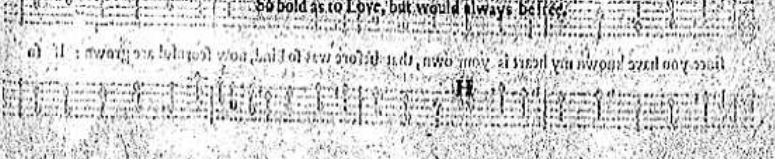
Mr. *Calpho*, *Calpho*, *Calpho*.

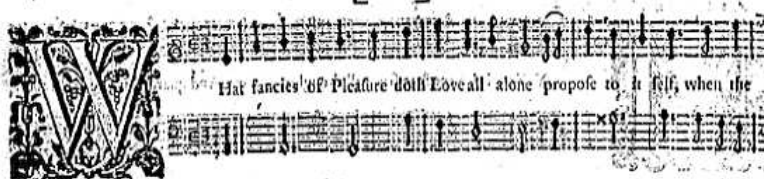


I Lov'd with Zeal and Passion so strong,
Forgot she was woman, and could not love long;
I never consider'd the tricks and the arts
She us'd to entangle and captivate hearts;
At length I discover'd, and plainly I knew
My *Philis* was fickle, and could not be true.

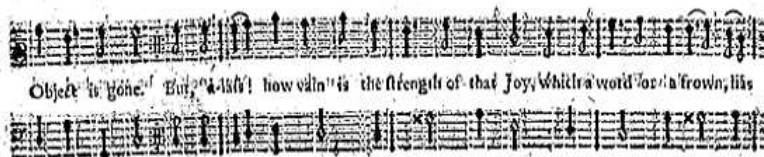


I curst my hard fate that knoll'd my flame
To suffer my self, than my *Philis* did blame;
Yet I bore such respect unto her, that I thought
Want of merit in me, this humour had wrought;
And then I resolv'd I never would be
So bold as to Love, but would always be free.

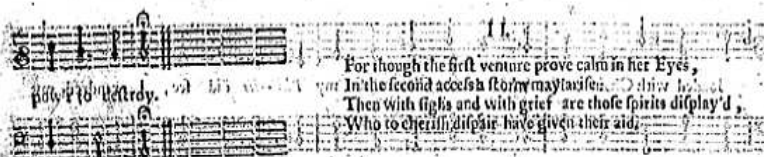




That fancies of Pleasure doth Love all alone propose to it self, when the



Object is gone. But, alas! how vain is the strength of that Joy, which a world of a frown, like



For though the first venture prove calm in her Eyes,
In the second access storm may arise.
Then with sighs and with grief are those spirits display'd,
Who to cherish despair have given their aid.

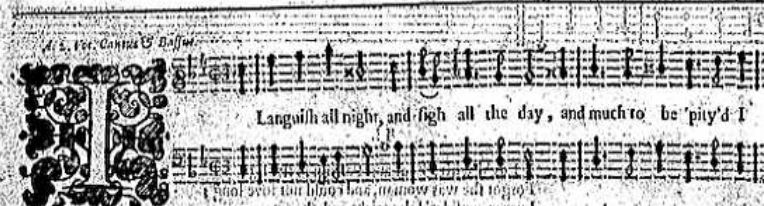
III.

Thus, Lovers with doubt, a fond kindness pursue,
Whilst fate from their follies prove false and untrue.
They're either possess'd with the thoughts of despair,
Or else lay on Love a continual care.

IV.

Then since we're end'd with so gentle a Soul,
That every small signal our heart may controul,
Twice a sign of Love's pity, but care to restrain,
By making us free-men, without to much pain.

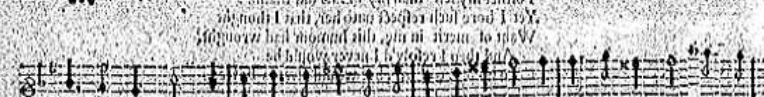
And so of Wonders has most



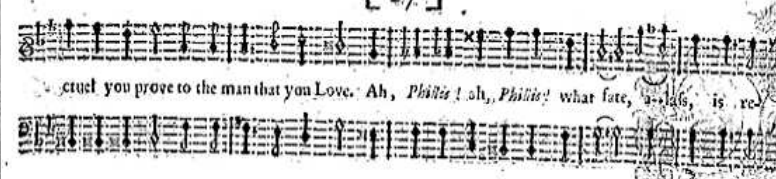
Languish all night, and sigh all the day, and much to be pity'd I



For since your bright Eyes my Heart did surprize, I could not extinguish the flame. But



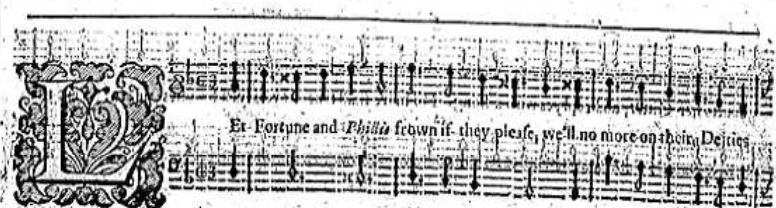
Since you have known my heart is your own, that before was so kind, now scornful are grown. If so



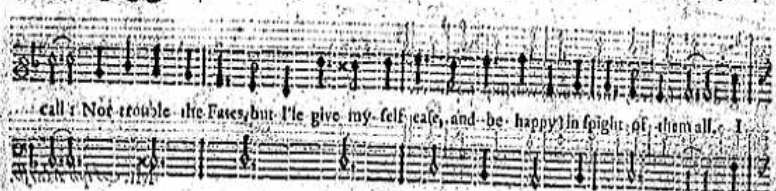
could you prove to the man that you Love. Ah, Phillis! oh, Phillis! what fate, alas, is re-



serv'd for the man that you hate.



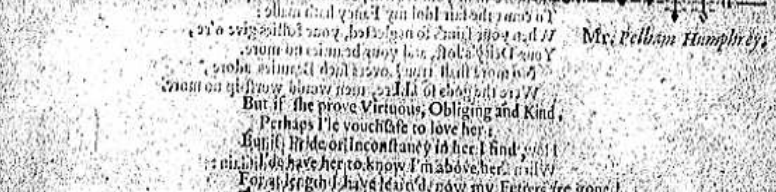
Er Fortune and Phillis frown if they please, we'll no more on their Deities



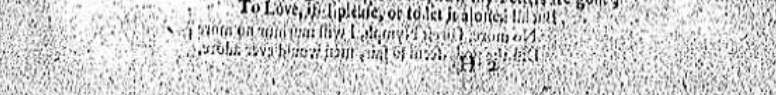
call! Not trouble the Fates, but I'll give my self ease, and be happy in sight of them all.



will have my Phillis, if I once go about. And I shall live better without her.

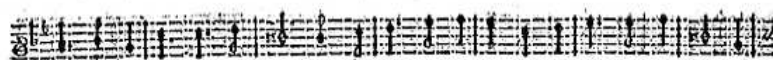
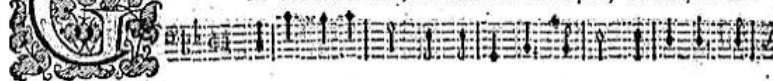


Mr. William Humphrey

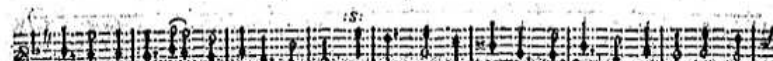




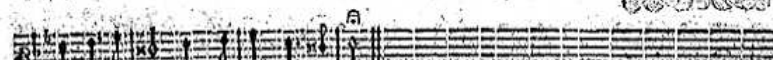
Ive o're foolish heart, and make hast to despair; For *Daphne* re-



gards not thy Vows nor thy Pray'r: When I plead for thy passion, thy pains to prolong: She



courts her Gilt, and replies with a Song: No more shall true Lovers such beauties adore: Were she



gods so severe, men would worship no more.



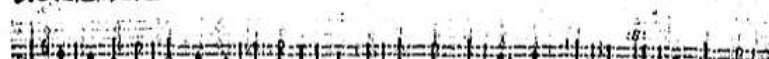
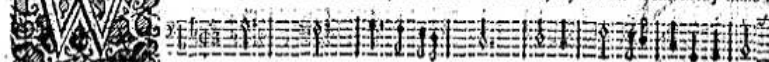
Mr. Alph. Attrib.

III.
No more will I wait, like a Slave at your Door;
I'll spend the cold Night at your Window no more;
My Lungs in long sighs, no more I'll exhale;
Since your Pride is to make me grow follen and pale.
No more shall *America* your pity implore;
Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more,

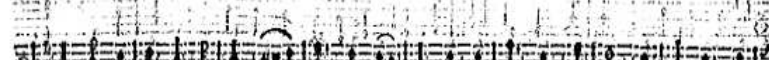
III.
No more shall your frowns, or free humour persuade
To court the fair Idol my Fancy hath made:
When your saint's so neglected, your follies give o're,
Your Deity's lost, and your beauties no more.
No more shall true Lovers such Beauties adore;
Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more;
How weak are the Vows of a Lover in pain;
When flatter'd with hope, or oppress'd with disdain:
No sooner my *Daphne's* bright eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all a new.
No more, fairest Nymph, I will murmur no more;
Did the gods seem to fair, men would ever adore.



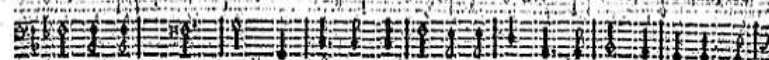
Here e-ver I am, or what e-ver I do, my *Phillis* is still in my mind:



When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go, my feet of themselves the way find. Unknown to my



self, I am fast at her door, and when I would fall, I can bring out no more. Then *Phillis* too

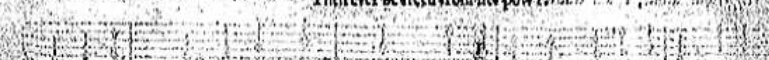
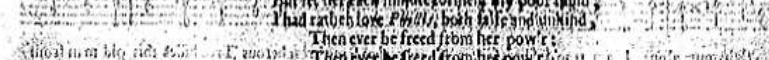
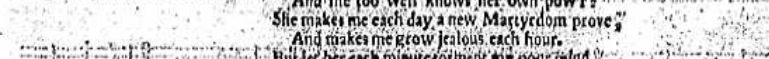


is false and unkind: Then *Phillis* too, false and un-kind.



Mr. Alph. Attrib.

III.
When *Phillis* I see, my Heart burns in my Breast,
Should a King be my rival in her I adore;
And the Love I would stifle & slow;
He should offer his treasure in vain:
But asleep or awake, I am never at rest;
O let me along to be happy and poor,
When from mine Eyes *Phillis* is gone.
And give me my *Phillis* again.
Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind;
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind.
But alas! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
I could to a Desert with her be confin'd.
Then I sigh to my self, all alone!
And envy no Monarch his reign,
Then I sigh to my self, all alone!
And envy no Monarch his reign.





Ow affairs of the State are already decreed, make room for affairs of the

Court: Employment, and pleasure, each other succeed, because they each other support. Were

Where, $\alpha =$

Princes confin'd from slackning their mind; when by care it is ruff'd and curld: A Crown would ac-

...bear too heavy to wear, and no man would Govern the World.



Ow! severe is forgetful old Age, to confine a poor Lover so! that I

almost despair to see even the Air; much more my dear *Damon*, hey ho! Though I whisper my

flights out alone. I am trac'd where'er I go; that come treacherous Tree hides this old man from

me; and there he counts ev'ry Hey ho! hey ho!

Mr. Pelham Humphrey,

I I.
How shall I this *Argus* blind?

And so put an end to my wo

For whilst I beguile

His Frowns with a Smile

I betray my self: with a Hey, ho! hey ho!

III.
My refractor, then, alas! must endure

My restraint, then alas! must end
So that since my foul doom's I know't

I'm fine for my love

Like the Turtle-Dove

And breath out my Life in Hey ho ! Hey ho !

A. J. Cox, CAMDEN & POSTON.



He Nymph that undoes me, is fair and unkind; no lesbian a wonder by nature de-

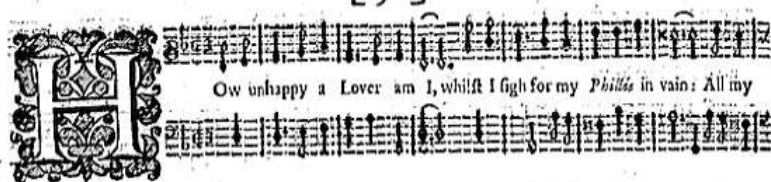
fig'd: She's the grief of my Heart; the Joy of my Eye: And the Cause of a Flame that never can

dye: She's the grief of my Heart, and joy of my Eye, and the Cause of a Flame that

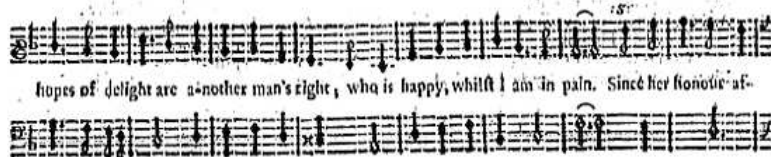
never can dye.

Mr. Stafford

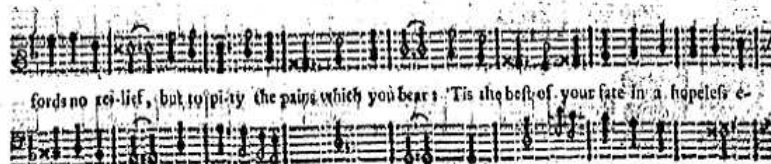
II. Her Lips, from whence Wit obligingly flows, The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Has the colour of Cherries, and smell of the Rose: Where Beauty and Honour are both in excess,
Love and Destiny both attends on her Will; In *China* they meet, to unhappily amble,
She Smiles with a Smile, with a Frown she can Kill, WHO keeps her such Love, who Loves her must dye.



Ow unhappy a Lover am I, whilst I gish for my *Philia* in vain: All my



hopes of delight are another man's right, who is happy, whilst I am in pain. Since her honour af-



fords no re-lief, but to pay the pains which you bear: 'Tis the best of your fate in a hopeless e-



state, to give o're, and betimes to de-fair.

Mr. Nicholas Staggers.

II.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain;
Yer I wish what I hope not to win;
From without my desire has no food to its fire;
But it burns and consumes me within;
Yer at least, 'tis a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone;
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more;
And accounts all your sufferings her own.

III.

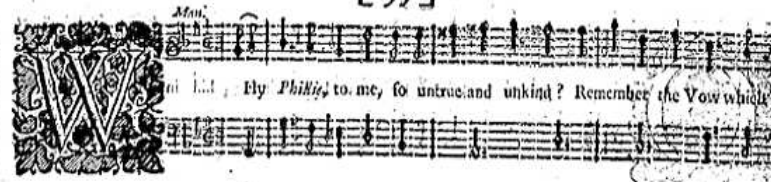
O you Pow'rs! let me suffer for both;
As the feet of my *Philia* lie: yce
I'll resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death;
'Tis to be pay'd by her when I dye.

What her honour deny'd you in life,

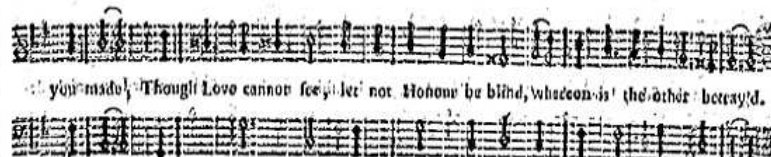
In her death she will give to her love;

Such a Name as is true, after fate will remove;

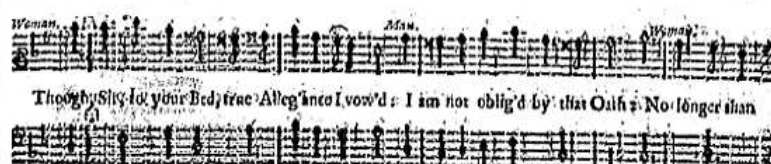
When the souls do most cloister above.



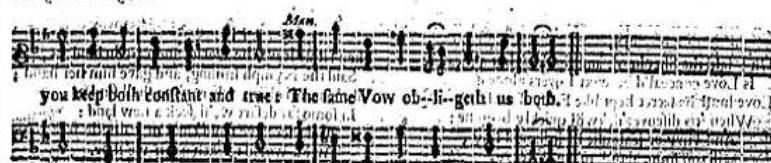
My *Philia*, to me, so untrue and unkind? Remember the Vow which



you made: Though Love cannot see, let not Honour be blind, whereon is the other betray'd.



Though I stay for your Bed, true Alleg'ance I vow'd: I am not oblig'd by this Oath: No longer than



you keep both constant and true: The same Vow ob-li-gate us both.

II.

Fair Nymph, did you feel

But those Passions I bear,

My Love you would never suspect:

An Heart made of steel

Shure must needs love the fair;

And what we love cannot neglect.

Then since we Love both,

Let us both be agreed;

And seal both our Loves with a Kiss;

From breaking our Oath

We shall both then be freed:

And Princes will envy our bliss.



N. the bank of a Brook as I sat fishing, hid in the Office that

grew on the side; I overheard a Nymph and Shepherd wishing, no time or fortune their Love might de-

vide: *Too Capid* (and *Venus*) each offered a 'Vow,' to Love e-ver, as they Love now.

Mr. John Banister.

Oh! I said the Shepherd, and sigh'd, what a pleasure
Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone?
Love must be secret kept like Fairy-treasure;
When 'tis discover'd, 'twill quickly be gone:
And envy or jealousy ill in liquid stay,
Will too soon alas! make it decay.

Then let us leave the world, and care behind us;
Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand
All alone, all alone, where none shall find us
In some far desert we'll seek a new land;
And there live free from envy or jealousie free?
And a world to each other we'll be.



Billie for some let us improve a thousand several ways; these few short

Minutes fratch'd by: Love from ma-n-y (edman) wry. !!! w-hill! you want courage to despise the

cenſures of the Grays; for all the tyrants in your eyes, your heart is but a ſlave

Mr. William H. Hays

My Love is full of noble pride
And never shall submit,
To let that Fop discretion ride
In triumph over wit.

Falsè friends I have as well as you
Who daily counsel me,
Fame and ambition to pursue,
And leave of loving thee.

When I the least belief bestow
On what such fools advise?
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserable wife.



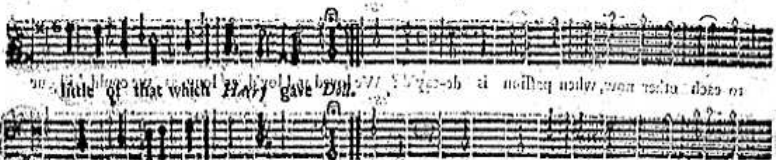
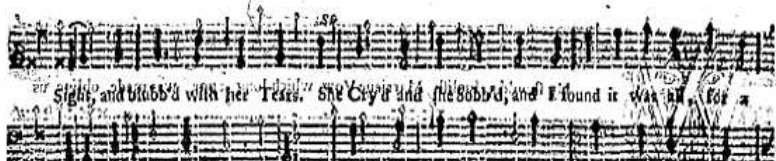
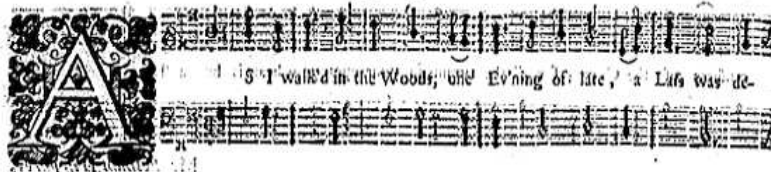
He should a foolish Marriage-Vow, which long agoe, was made, oblige us

to each other now, when passion is decay'd? We loved and lov'd, as long as we could, till our

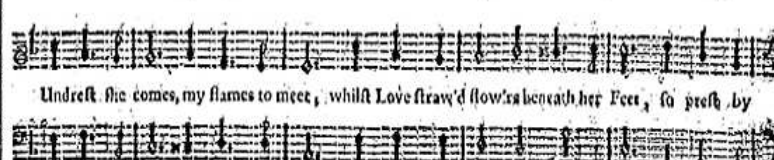
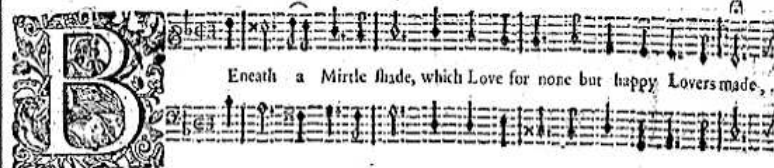
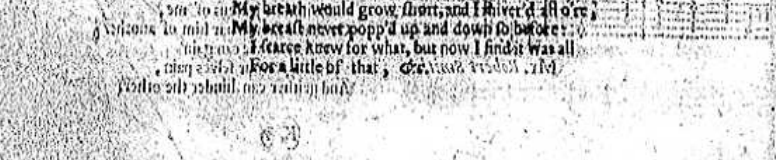
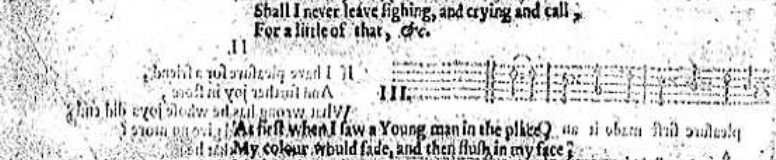
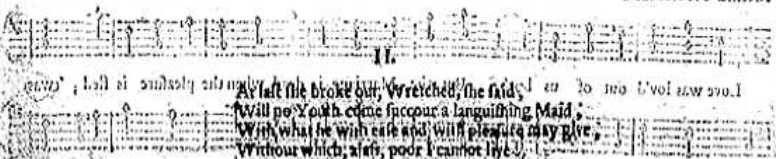
Love was lov'd out of us both. But the Marriage is dead, when the pleasure is fled, 'twas

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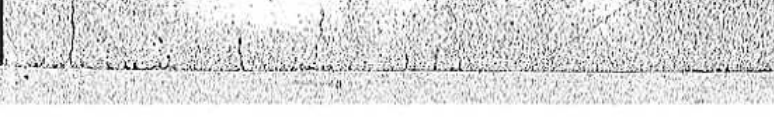
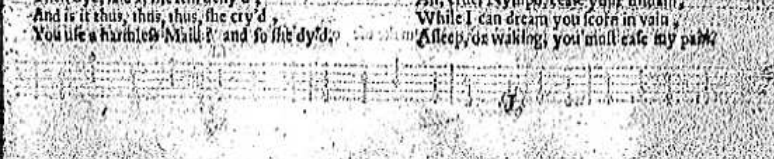
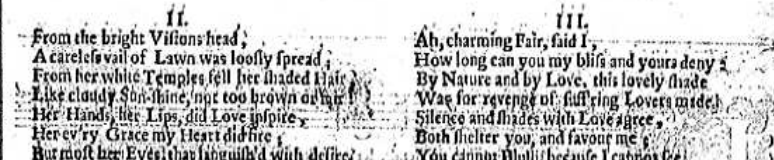
Mr. Robert Smith



Mr. Robert Smith.

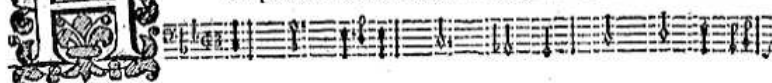


Mr. John Banister.

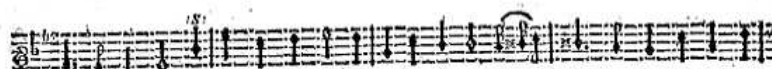
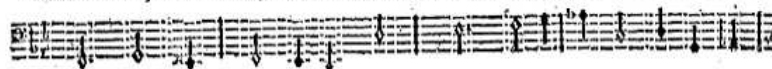




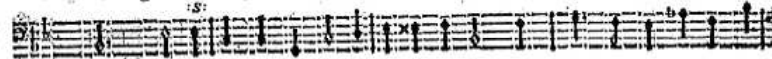
Ow pleasant is mutual Love, if it's true; Then *Phillis* let us our Af-



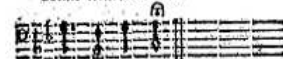
fections u-nite; For the more you love me, and the more I love you, The more we contribute to each



others delight. But they who enjoy, without loving first; Still Eat without Stomach and

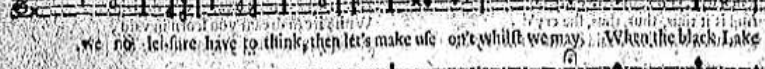


drink without thirst.



Mr. Nicholas Staggins.

11.
Such is the poor Fool, who loves upon duty;
Because a Canonick a Coxcomb hath made him;
He ne're tastes the sweets of Love and of Beauty;
But drudgers, because a dull Priest hath betray'd him.
But who in enjoyment from love take their measure,
Are wrapt with delights, and still ravi'd with pleasure.



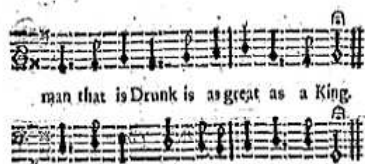
A. 2. Ver. Cantus & Basses.



One lay by your Cares, and hang up your Sorrow, drink on, he's a



Sor, that e're thinks of to Morrow: Great store of good Clarret suplys ev'ry thing; and the



man that is Drunk is as great as a King.

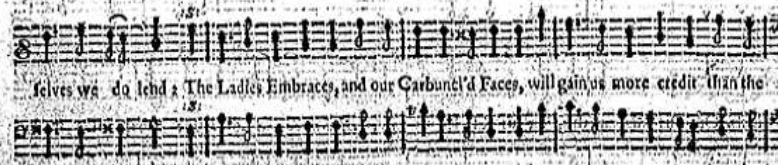
II.
Let none at Misfortunes or Losses repine,
But take a full dose of the Juice of the Vine:
Distastes and Troubles are ne're to be found
But in the damn'd place where the glass goes not round.

Mr. Robert Smith.

A. 2. Ver. Cantus & Basses.



E Jolly my Friends, for the Money we spend, on Women and Wine, to our



Selves we do lend: The Ladies Embraces, and our Carbuncled Faces, will gain us more credit than the



Musks or Graces.

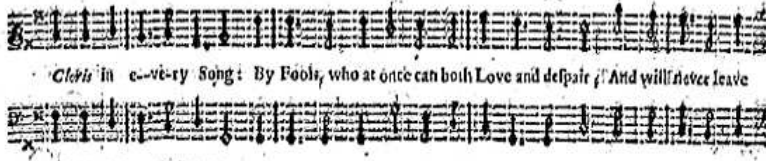
III.
Then Sirrah be quicker, and bring us more Liquor;
We'll have nothing to do with Physician or Vicar:
We'll round with our Bowls, till our Passing-bell Tolls,
And trull no such Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.

Mr. Robert Smith.

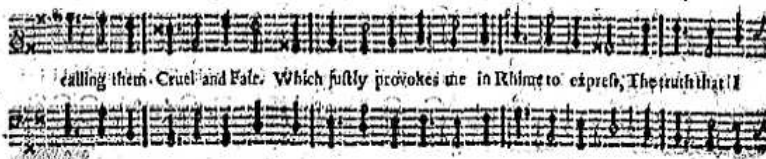
A. 2. Ver. Cantus & Basses.



E thinks the poor Town has been troubled too long, with Philtre and



Chrys in e-v'ry Song: By Fools, who at once can both Love and despair: And will never leave



calling them: Cruel and Fate: Which fully provokes me in Rhime to express, The truth that I



know of Bonny Black Bess.

John Playford.

II.

This Bess of my Heart, this Bess of my Soul;
Hie a Skin white as Milk, but fair black as a Coal:
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her Waist;
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd;
Her Belly is soft, not a word of the rest;
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the best.

III.

The Plow-man and Squire, the errant Clown;
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon gown;
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pic;
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit;
All Hearts fall a-leaping where-ever she comes;
And beat day and night, like my Lord's Drum.

IV.

But to those who have had my dear Bess in their Arms;
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new grace;
Having learn'd how to hide, and trip in her pace;
And with head on one side, and a languishing Eye,
To Kill us with looking as if she would dye.

M



Ow bon-nyz and brisk; Ah how pleasant and sweet were Jenny and

I, while my Passion was strong? So eagerly each others flame we did meet, that a minutes de-

Day then appear'd to be long. The Vows that I made her, (One seal'd with a Kiss, 'till my Son) I had

lost in a rapture of Bliss.

Mr. Robert Smith.

11. I vow, & I thought I could ever have lov'd
Where Beauty and Kindness together shone;
So sweetly the look, and so gracefully the air;
That Fancy'd my strength with my loves to abound.
For the pleasure I gave, life did doubly require;
By finding out ever new ways to delight.

111. At last, when enjoyment had put out my Fire,
My Strength was decay'd, and my Passion was done;
So pall'd my Fancy, to tame my Desire,
That I from the Nymph, very vain would have gone:
Ah, Fanny! said I, we adore thee in vain,
For Beauty enjoy'd does but burn to disdain.



27 A faithful and true love, and no good thing
 28 A faithful and true love, and no good thing

yielded up my pow'r, to be betray'd by thee: Heav'n knows with how much Innocence, I did my

Heart resign unto thy faithless Eloquence, and gave thee what was mine.

Mr. Robert Smith

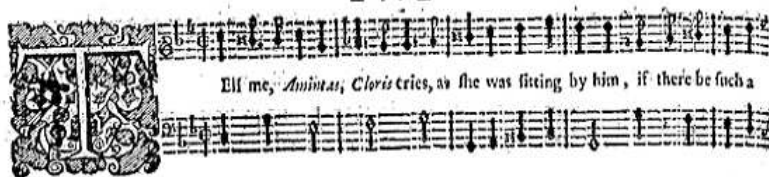
(I had not one Reserve to spare)
But at thy feet I lay'd
Those Arms that conquer'd heretofore,
Though now thy Trophies made
Thy Eyes in silence told their Tale
Of Love in such a way,
That 'twas as easie to prevail
As after to betray.



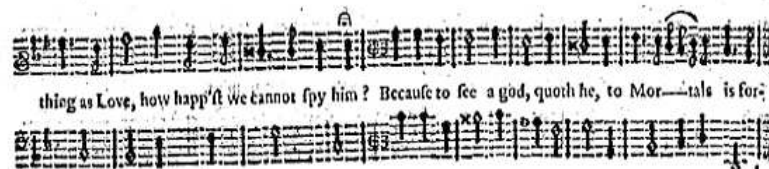
Hen Thirst did the splendid Eye of *Phyllis*, his fair Mistress spy.

Was ever such a glorious Queen, said he, unless in Heaven seen?

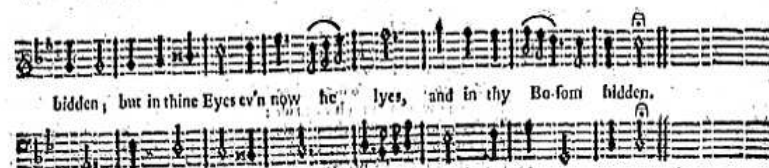
Fair Phillis, with a blushing Air, y^e m^ost
Hearing these words, became more Fair;
Away, said he, you need not take
Fresh Beauty, you're more fair to make
y^e most virtuous Lord's love happy and
I shall continue to be your slave
And long no more to see you.



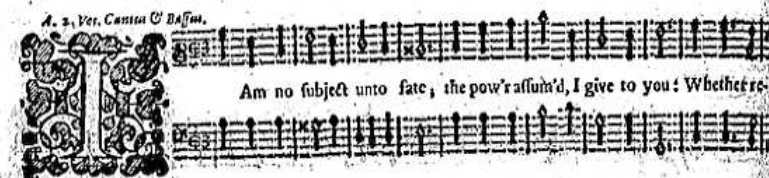
Tell me, *Amintas*, *Choris* tries, as she was sitting by him, if there be such a



thing as Love, how happy'st we cannot spy him? Because to see a god, quoth he, to Mor—tals is for-

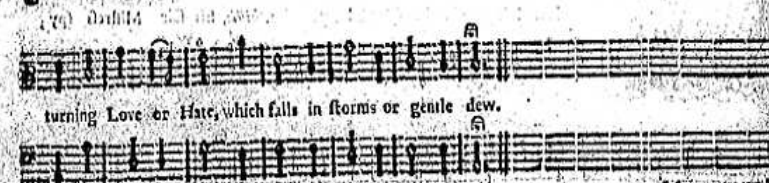


bidden, but in thine Eyes ev'n now he lyes, and in thy Bo-som hidden.



A. 2. Ver. Cantus & Bassus.

Am no subject unto fate, the pow'r assum'd, I give to you: Whether re-



turning Love or Hate, which falls in storms or gentle dew.

Mr. Roger Hill.

II. It is my Will which chafeth you;
Though Tyrant, yet if I obey;
Obedience is truly due
To whom I give my self away.

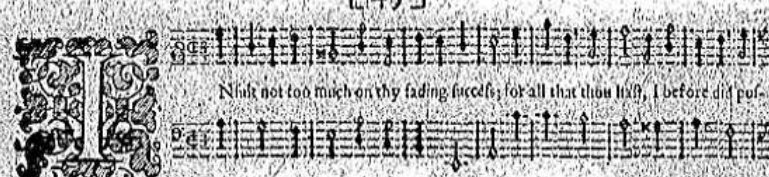
IV. The Worlds dimensions are wide;
My mind not Heaven can confine;
That outward worship is belid;
Who inward bows to others shrine.

V. I am fettered, I freely Love;
My choice doth make the conquest mine;
Will thy power best improve
To thy Subject thou incline.

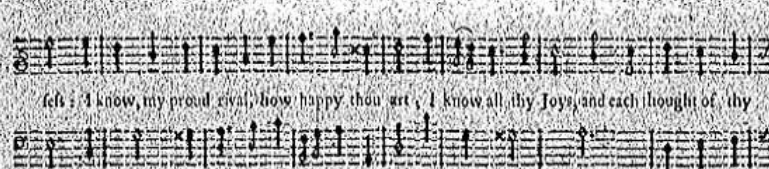
III. I may be born under a Throne;
A slave, or free, without my Voice;
But Loving, and Religion,
Solely depends on my own choice.

V. Force may be called Victory;
Yet only those are overcome;
Who yield' onto an Enemy,
That in their restraint sue and doom.

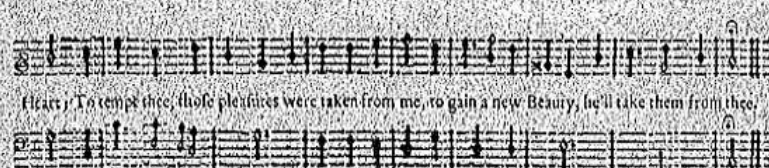
VII. Who wisely Rules, deserves Command;
Then keep thee Loyal next thy Heart;
Elective Monarchs cannot stand,
Nor Loves, without an equal darts!



Nhilit not too much on thy fading success, for all that thou hast, I before did pos-

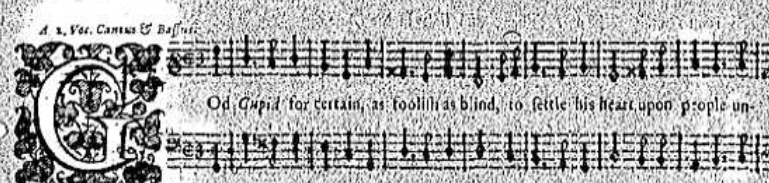


sess: I know, my proud rival, how happy thou art, I know all thy Joys, and each thought of thy



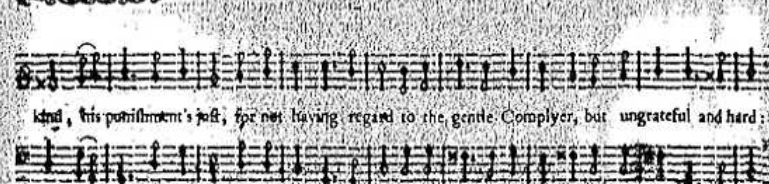
Heart: To tempt thee, those pleasures were taken from me, to gain a new Beauty, he'll take them from thee.

Mr. Alph. Mather, Junior.

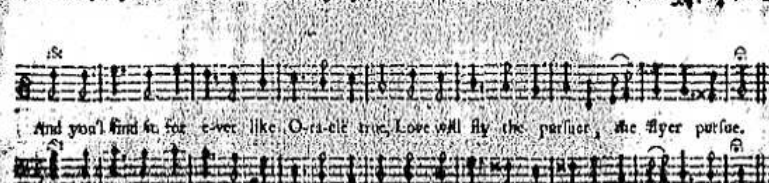


A. 2. Ver. Cantus & Bassus.

Od Cupid for certain, as foolish as blind, to settle his heart upon people un-



kind, his possitment's lost, for not having regard to the gentle Complier, but ungrateful and hard:



And you'll find as for ever like O-racle true, Love will fly the pursuer, the fierer pursue.

John Playford.



H! name not the day, lest my Senses re-prove, and curse my kind



Heart from the Knowledge of Love: Ah, the ignorant Fate of a fearful young Lover, when a



Sign is retain'd, not to have Wit to discover. To delay a kind Nymph from her hour of design,



is to digg for a Treasure, and sink in the Mine.



The effect of a smile in a vein of discourse,
Twixt fear and good will, ought to make a Divorce:
Such seems deserves to be well understood,
Like a Wizard, that peeps under her Hood.
Had I known but the minute her joys were upon her,
She had bid me good-night, and adieu to her honour.

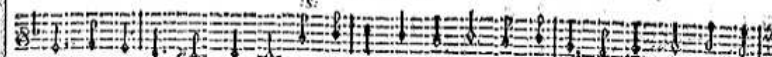
I knew not, alas! the Intrigue of her Art,
I thought she design'd to make sport with my Heart:
It panted with fear, and leapt to with joy,
Yet I thought to attempt all my hopes would destroy:
But since, I'm resolv'd, ere I prove such a for,
The Nymph I'll enjoy, though I dye on the spot.



O what modest grief is a Lover confin'd, when the Tongue dares not



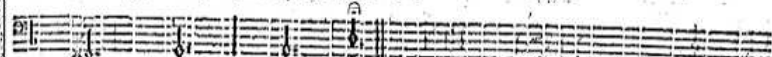
utter the truth of the Heart. Yet it strengthens the force in a Generous mind, and makes him sink



think what his Love would impart: For the more he loves on, the more happy 'twill prove, when he



comes to appearance, to plead for his Love.



II.

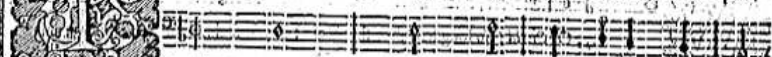
When our Hearts are new kindled to jump at a Beauty,
But like a French On-set, comes off with a Blast:
We ought to wait leisure, 'tis civil and Duty:
Let's Love by degrees, and the longer 'twill last.
He that humbles his Love and Enjoyment together,
Makes 2 Months of Summer, and 100 of cold Weather.

III.

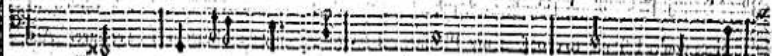
Kind Love, like a tender and delicate Flower,
Wants only Improvement to make it endure:
But so oft 'tis transplanted, which makes it each hour
So droop and decay, that 'tis almost past cure:
Unless some fair Nymph, whose enchantments can bring
To make it refresh, a perpetual spring.



He day you wish'd, arriv'd at last; you wish as much that it were past:



One Minute more, and night will hide the Bridegroom, and the blushing Bride. The



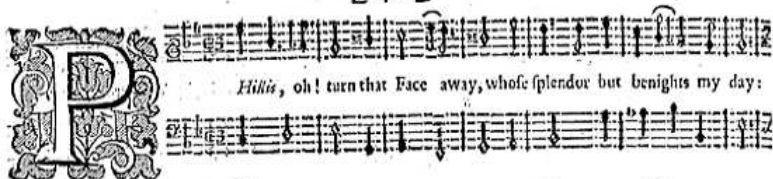
Virgin now to Bed does go; take care, oh Youth! she rise not so; She pants and trembles at her



The Bridegroom comes, he comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face;
She shrinks away, he close pursues,
And Prayers and Threats at once do'ts use;



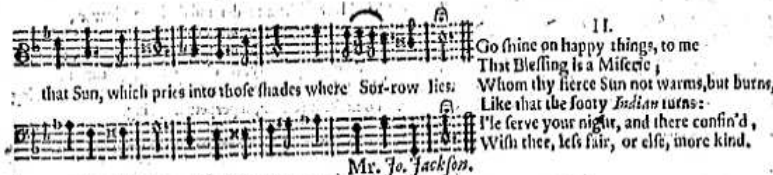
And with her hand puts his away;
Nowout alone for help she cries:
And now departing shuts her Eyes.



Hilite, oh! turn that Face away, whose splendour but benights my day:

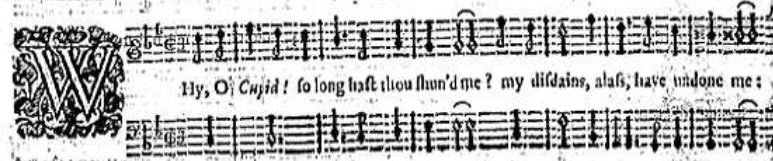


Sad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, shun the bright rays, which Beauty darts. Unwelcome is

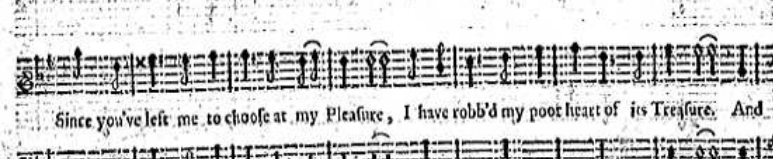


Go shine on happy things, to me
That Blessing is a Miseric
Whom thy fierce Sun not warms, but burns,
that Sun, which pries into those shades where Sor-row lies:
Like that the footy *Indian* turns:
I'll serve your night, and there confin'd,
With thee, let's fair, or else, more kind.

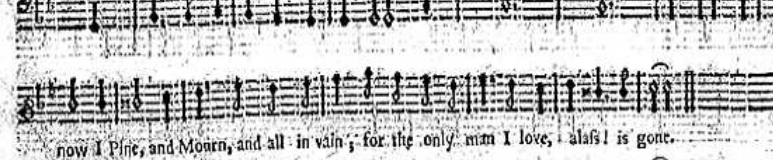
Mr. Jo. Jackson.



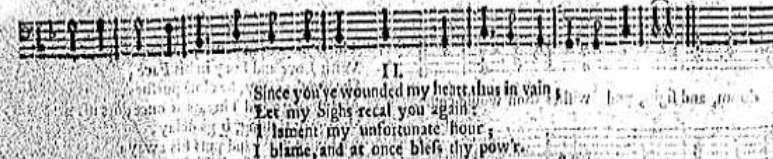
Wily, O *Cupid*! so long hast thou shun'd me? my disdain, alas! have undone me:



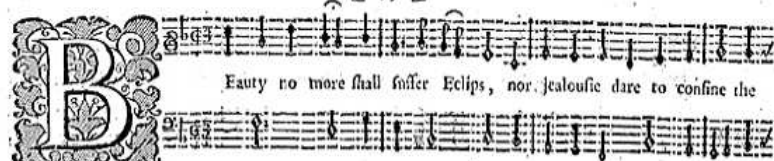
Since you've left me to choose at my Pleasure, I have robb'd my poet heart of its Treasure. And



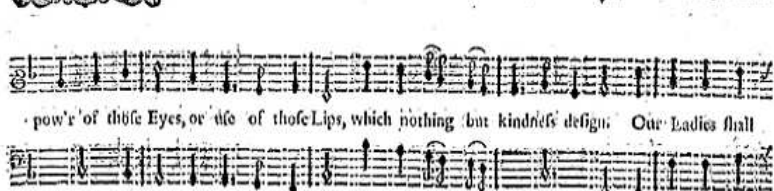
now I Pine, and Moan, and all in vain; for the only man I love, alas! is gone.



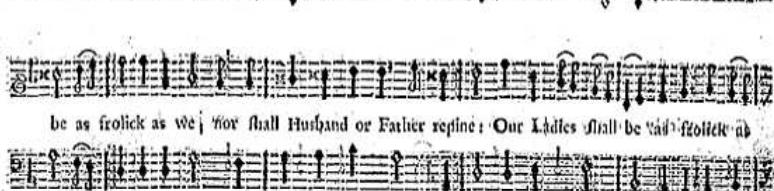
Since you've wounded my heart thus in vain,
Let my Sighs recal you again:
Lament my unfortunate hour;
I blame, and at once bless thy power.
If by sighs and tears, I may but once restore
Thine into my Arms, or let me love no more.



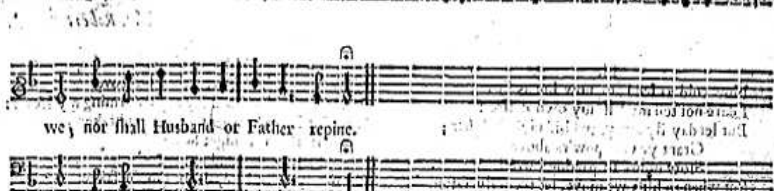
Beauty no more shall suffer Eclips, nor jealousie dare to confine the



pow'r of those Eyes, or use of those Lips, which nothing but kindness design: Our Ladies shall



be as frolic as we; nor shall Husband or Father repine: Our Ladies shall be sad, frolic as



we; nor shall Husband or Father repine.

Mr. Robert Smith.

II.
We'll banish the stratagems us'd by the State,
To keep the poor Lover in awe;
Henceforth they themselves shall rule their own fate;
And desire shall be to them Law:
Thus they being free from Padlock and Key,
May with their Reformers withdraw.

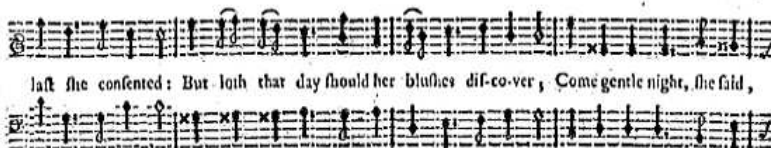
III.
Where in private we'll teach them the Mysteries of
And practice that Lecture over;
Till we the fond temple of Honour remove,
And the end of our Passion discover.
No Maid shall complain, or Wife sigh in vain,
For each may be eas'd by her Lover.

IV.
Away with all things that sound like to Laws;
In this our New Reformation,
Let the Formalist praise the Good old Cause,
Tis a general Tolleration:
From this time we're free from Vile Heresie,
And a Vizard Excommunication.

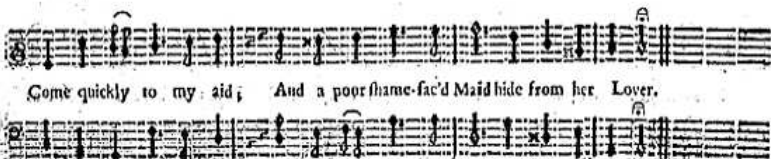
A. 2. Ver. Cautem & Bassus.



Long betwixt hope and fear, Phillis tormented, shun'd her own wish, yet at



last she consented: But lo! that day should her blushes dis-cover, Come gentle night, she said,

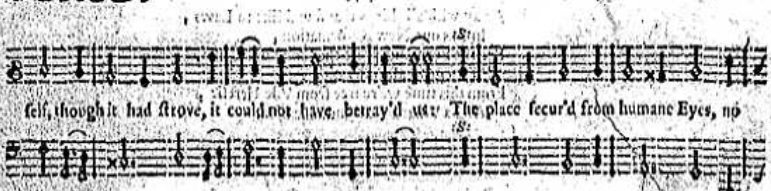
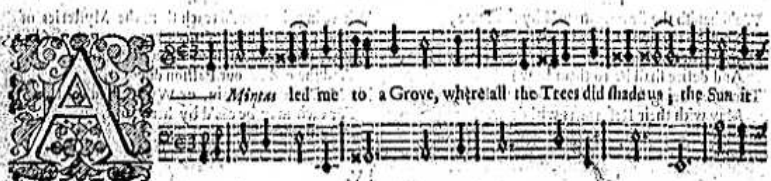


Come quickly to my aid; And a poor shame-fac'd Maid hide from her Lover.

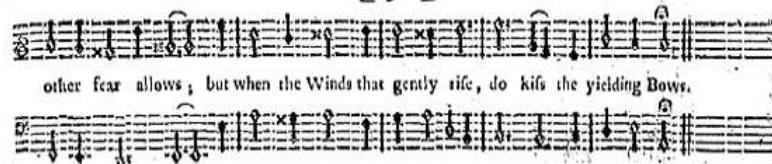
Mr. Robert Smith.

II.
Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire;
I dare not tell my self my own desire:
But let day fly away, and bid night hast her;
Grant ye kind pow'rs above
Slow hours to parting Love:
But when to bliss we move, let them fly faster.

III.
How sweet is it to Love, when I discover
Those flames that burn my Soul, warming my Lover:
'Tis pity Love so true, should be mistaken;
If that this night he be
False, or unkind to me:
Let me dye, e're I see, That I'm forsaken.



self, thought it had strove, it could not have betray'd me: The place secur'd from humane Eyes, no

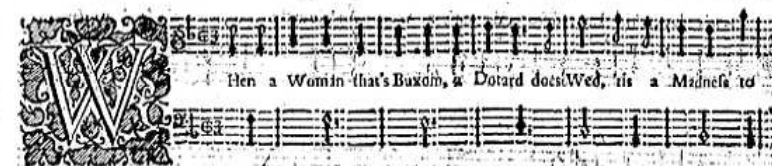


other fear allows; but when the Winds that gently rise, do kiss the yielding Bows.

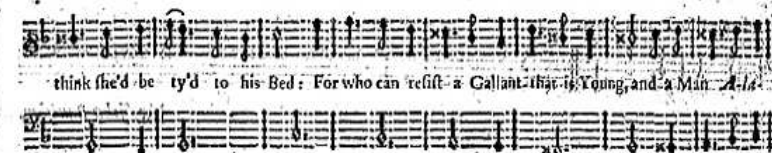
Mr. Robert Smith.

II.
Down there we sit upon the Moss,
And did begin to play
A thousand wanton Tricks, to pass
The heat of all the day:
The heat of all the day:
A many Kisses he did give,
And I return'd the same;
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name!

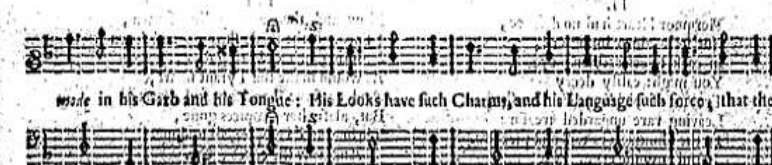
III.
His charming Eyes no aid requir'd
To tell his Amorous Tale,
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas easie to prevail:
He did but Kiss, and clasp me round,
Whilst those his thoughts express'd;
And laid me softly on the ground:
Oh, who can guess the rest.



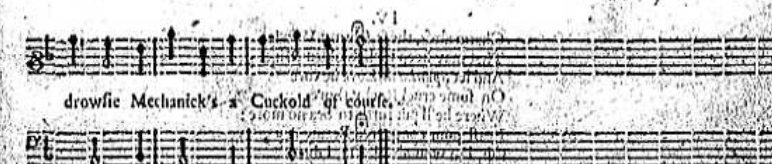
Then a Woman that's Buxom, & Dotard does Wed, tis a Madness to



think she'd be ty'd to his Bed: For who can resist a Gallant that is Young, and a Man.



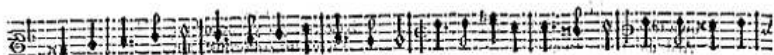
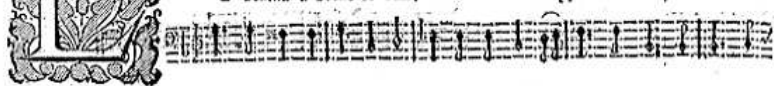
made in his Gird and his Tongue: His Looks have such Charm, and his Language such force, that the



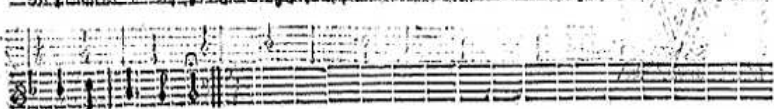
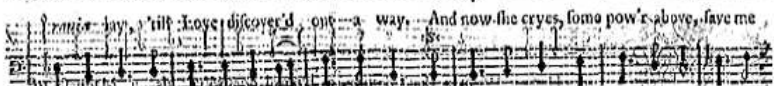
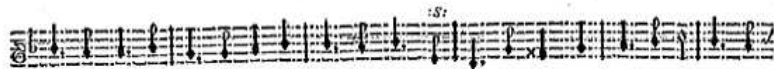
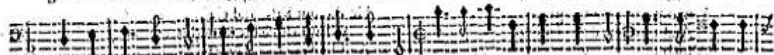
drowie Mechanick's a Cuckold of course.

A. 2. Voc. *Alto & Bass.*

O behind a Scene of Seas, under a Canopy of Trees, The fair new



golden world was laid sleeping, like a harmless Maid: 'till alas, she was betray'd: In sick shades w-



Mr. John Banister.

II.

Her poor heart had no defence;

But its Maiden impudence

In each sweet reviving eye

You might easily decry

Leaving rare unguarded treasure

To the Conquerors will and pleasure

And how she cries, &c.

III.

Now and then a straggling frown;

(Through the shade slips up and down)

Shooting such a piercing dart,

As would make the Tyrant smart,

And preserve her Lips and Heart

But, alas, her Empires gone,

Throne and Temples, all undone.

And now she cries, &c.

IV.

Charm aloft, those stormy Winds;

That may keep these Golden Mines;

And let *Spain's* Love be torn

On some cruel Rocky shore

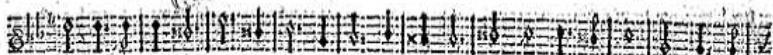
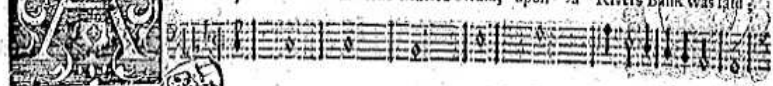
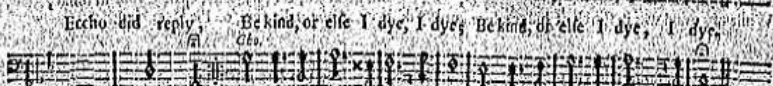
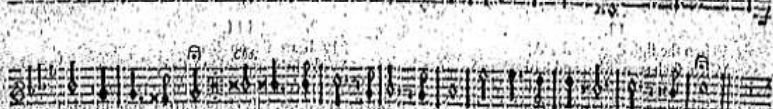
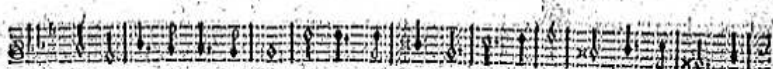
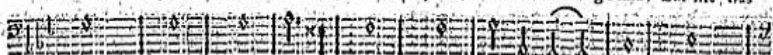
Where he'll put forth to Sea no more:

Least poor conquered Beauty cry

Oh, I'm wounded! Oh, I dye!

And then, there is no power above

Can save me from this Tyrant Love.

— *Alma* that true hearted Swain; upon a Rivers Bank was laidwhere to the pining Streams he did complain, on *Sylvia*, that false charming Maid: But she was

Mr. John Banister.

II.

A shower of Tears his Eyes let fall,

Which in the River made impress;

Then Sigh'd, and *Sylvia* false would call;

O cruel, faithless Shepherds!

Is Love, with you become a Criminal?

Ah! lay aside this needless scorn,

Allow your poor Admirer some return:

Consider how I burn, I burn: Consider, &c.

III.

Those Smiles and Kisses which you give;

Remember, *Sylvia*, are my due;

And all the Joys my Rival does receive,

He ravishes from me, not you:

Ah! *Sylvia*, can I live, and thus believe,

Invisible are taught to see

My Languishments, and seems to pity me:

Which I demand of thee, of thee: Which I demand, &c.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.



The time that is past, when she held me so fast, And declar'd that her

Honour no longer could last: When no light, but her languishing Eyes did appear, to pre-

vent all ex-cu-ses of Blushes and Fear.

II.

When she sigh'd and smil'd;
With such trembling and hast,
As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd:
My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
While my mind was in search of hid treasure employ'd.

IV.

Dear *Amintas*, she cries,
Then casts down her eyes,
And in Kisses she gives what in words she denies:
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,
Till her freer consent had more sweeten'd the pray.

III.

My heart set on fire,
With the flames of Desire,
I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require:
But she cry'd, for pity-sake, change your ill mind,
Pray *Amintas*, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

V.

But too late I began,
For her passion was done,
Now *Amintas*, she cries, I will never be won:
Your tears and your courtship no pity can move,
For you've slighted the critical minute of Love.



Ay, let me alone, I protest I'll be gone, 'Tis a folly to think I'll be

subject to one: Never hope to confine a young Gallant to Dine, like a Scholar of *Oxford*, on

nought but the Loyn. For after enjoyment, our Bellies are full, and the same dish again, makes the

Ap-pe-tite dull.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

By your wantoning Art, of a Sigh and a Start;
You endeavour in vein, to inveigle my Heart;
For the pretty disguise of your languishing Eyes,
Will never prevail with my Sineews to rise:
And 'twas never the Mode, in an Amorous Treat,
When a Lover has Din'd, to perswade him to Eat.

III.

Then, *Betty*, the Jest is almost at the best,
'Tis only variety makes up the Feast:
For when we've enjoy'd, and with pleasures are cloy'd,
The Vows that we made, to Love ever are void.
And you know pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit
That a Meal should be made of a Relishing bite.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.



Hat Madnes it is, to give over our Drinking, when *Apollo's* quite Drunk, you

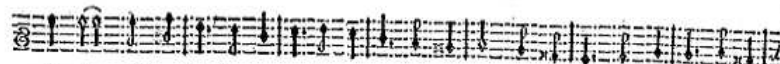
may know by his Winking: His Face is on flame, and his Nose is so red, it predicts he is sleepy and

goes Drunk to Bed. Let him Sleep to grow Sober, while we tarry here, and Drink 'till the morning appear.

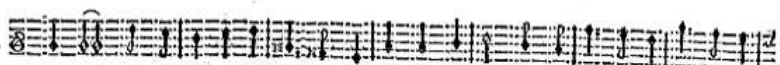
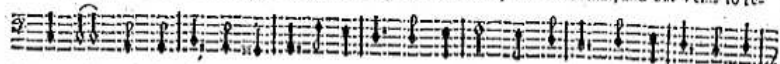
A. 2. Voc. Cantata & Basses.



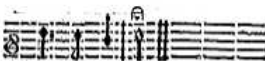
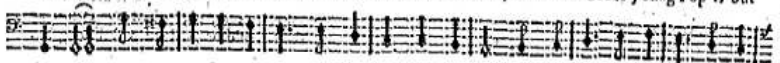
Come away, to'ther Glas, he's a temperate Als, that refuses his brimmer of



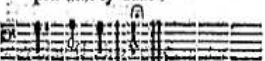
Rhenish, while our Bottles go round, a new way we have found, both our Heads, and our Veins to re-



plenish: We'll be witty and brave, when our Noddles are full, whilst the Sober young Fop is but



pru-dent-ly dull.



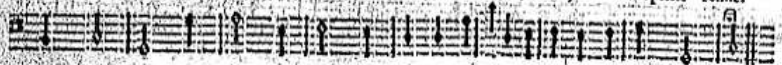
II.
Thus with Wench and Wine
Our Hearts we'll refine
From the Dross of the Melancholly City,
We care not a Loufe
For the dull Coffee-house,
'Tis the Tavern that makes a Man Witty:
Then in sight of misfortunes,
Thus happy we are,
In a Jolly brave Soul,
That's a stranger to care,



Is the Grape that dis-co-vers the Passionate Lovers, and makes the coy



Miss to resign: To the Rose then repair, to Canary, to cheer our Souls, and our Spirits refine.



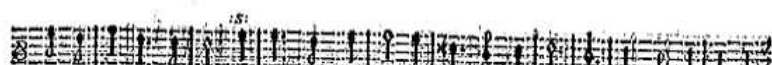
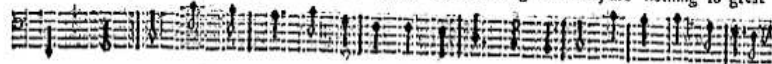
Mr. Robert Smith.



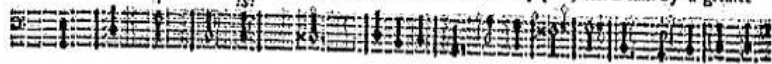
Languish for none, that ne'er thinks of me, And all my vain hopes now



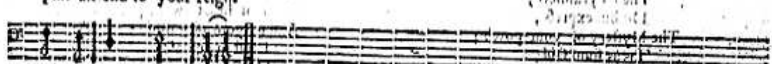
turn to despair: The Complaints which I utter, oh, Love! against thee, are nothing so great



as my sufferings are. Then cease by your pow'r, to add to my pain, lest Death by a greater



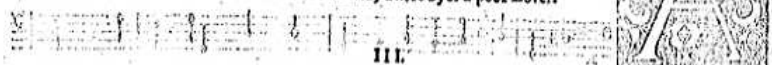
puts an end to your reign:



(Mr. John Danister)

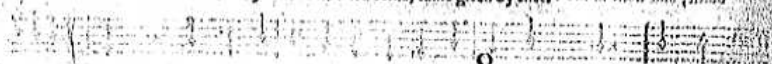
II.

My Sighs and my Tears so privately I
Do give to a Passion, I ne'er will impart
That though I am vanquish'd, and conquer'd dye:
No one can e're say, that I first lost my Heart:
Since the torments I feel, I will not discover,
If ne'er shall be said, There dyes a poor Lover.



III.

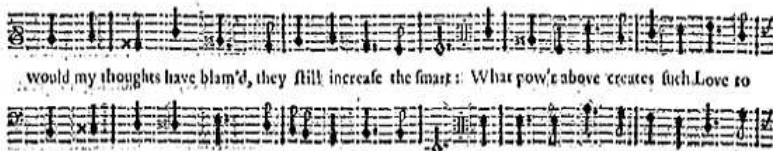
How strangely severe is fate, since I find
That with all my resistance, I cannot get free
From a slavery, by which I see I'm design'd
My dearest Philander, thy Statute to be:
O fate! so unkind, to make me esteem
My death to be welcome, cause given by thee!



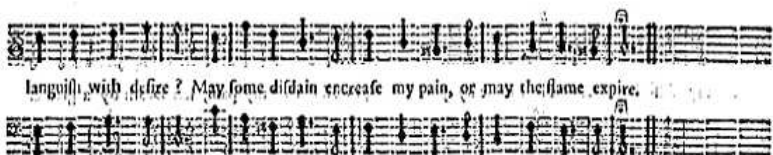
A. 2. Voc. Cantata & Basses.



H, cruel Eyes! that first enflam'd my poor, restless heart; that when I



would my thoughts have blam'd, they still increase the smart: What pow'r above creates such Love to



languish with desire? May some disdain increase my pain, or may the flame expire.

II.

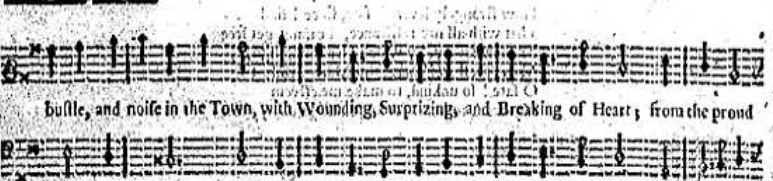
And yet I dye to think how soon
My wishes may return,
If slighted, and my hope once gone;
I must in silence mourn:
Then Tyrannels,
Do but express,
The Mystery of your pow'r;
Tis as soon said,
You'll Love and Wed,
As studying for't an hour.

III.

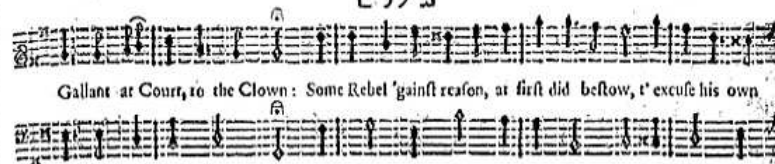
I yield to Fate, though your fair Eyes
Have made the pow'r your own;
'Twas they did first, my heart surprize;
Dear Nymph! 'twas they alone
For Honours sake,
Your heart awake,
And let your pity move:
Least in despair
Of one so fair,
I bid adieu to Love.



Way with the silly blind god, and his Darts, who makes such a



bustle, and noise in the Town, with Wounding, Surprizing, and Breaking of Heart; from the proud



Gallant at Court, to the Clown: Some Rebel 'gainst reason, at first did bestow, 't' excuse his own



Madness, his Folly, and Passion; forg'd Power on Venus, on Cupid a Bow, when all's but Pri-

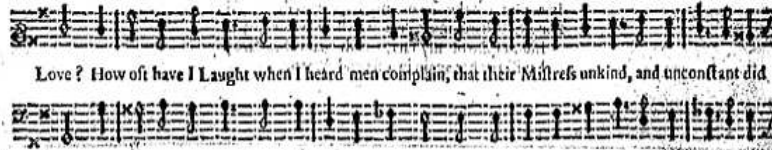


apus dress'd up in the Fashion.

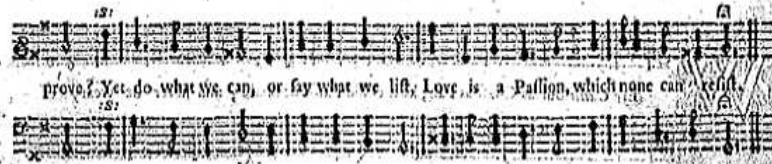
A. 2. Voc. Cantata & Basses.



Ow oft have I bid defiance in vain to the little Boy Cupid; to Beauty and



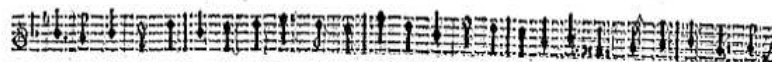
Love? How oft have I Laught when I heard men complain, that their Mistres unkind, and unconstant did



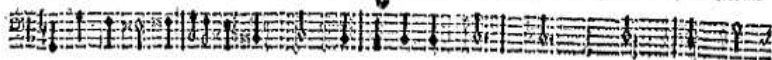
prove. Yet do what we can, or say what we list, Love is a Passion, which none can resist.



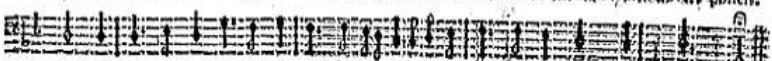
Then first my free heart was surpriz'd by desire; so soft was the wound, and so



gentle the first; my sighs was so sweet, and so pleasant the smart, I pity'd the Slave, who had ne'er lost his



Heart. He thinks himself happy and free, but alas! he is far from that heaven which Lovers possess.



Mr. Alph. Marsh, Junior.

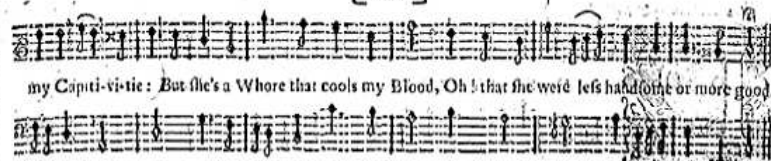
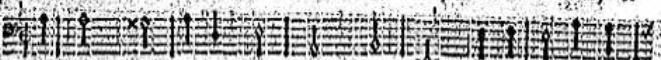
II.
In Nature was nothing I found to compare
With the Beauty of *Phidias*; I thought her so fair:
A Wit to divine all her sayings did fill;
A Goddess she seem'd, and I thought on her still:
With a zeal more inflam'd, and a passion more true,
Than a Martyr in flames for Religion, can shew.

III.
More Virtues and Graces I find in her Mind,
Then the Schools can invent, or gods ere design'd:
She seem'd to be inspir'd, by each glance of her Eye;
If Morals may aim at a blessing so high,
Each day, with new favours, new hopes she did give;
But, alas! what we wish, we too soon do believe.

IV.
With awful respect while I lov'd and admir'd,
But fear'd to attempt what I so much desir'd;
In a moment the life of my hopes was destroy'd,
For a Shepherd, more daring, fell on, and enjoy'd:
But in spite of my fate, and the pains I endure,
I will try her again in a second Amour.



ere Call'd out as Chast as Pahr, how could I kiss the Snare? and never be weary of



my Capti-vitie: But she's a Whore that cools my Blood, Oh! that she wou'd less harden or more good.

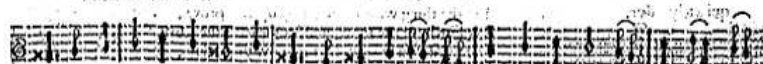
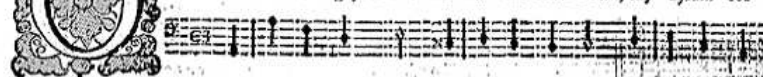
Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

*II.
Would you believe that there can rest
Deceit within that Breast;
Or that those Eyes,
Which look like Friends, are only spies:
But she's a Whore; yet sure I lye,
May there not be, degrees of Chastity?

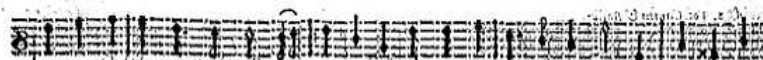
III.
No, no, what means that wanton Smile?
But only to beguile:
Thus did the Best
Of Women, make all Men account:
I, for their sakes, give Women o're
The first was false, the fairest was a Whore.



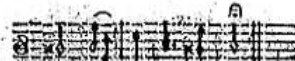
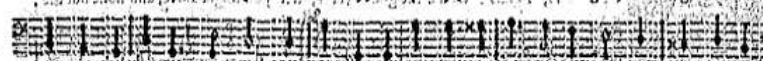
F all the gay Ladies that walk the brisk Town, my *Sylva* for



Beauty has got the Renown; Her carriage, where ever she comes do surprize, she wounds with her



Wit and she kills with her Eyes; So, Jaunty, so pretty, so full of Delight, she laughs all the

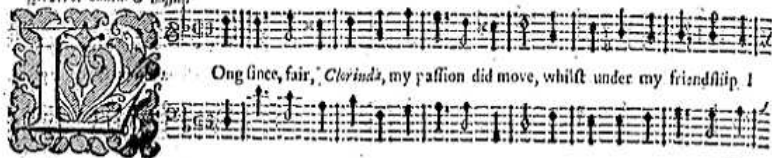
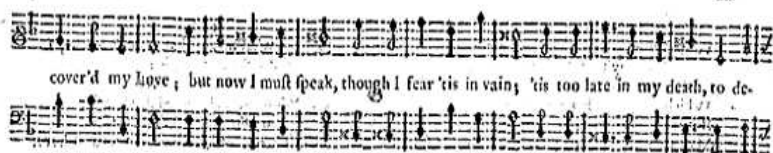


day, and loves all the night.

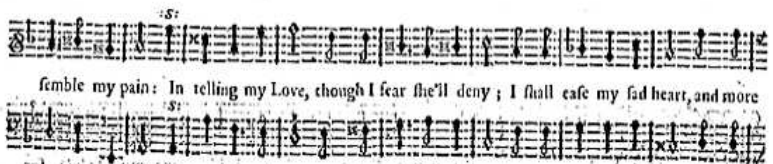


II.
She Laughs all the day, and Loves all the night;
She Smiles like an Angel, so moving each strain,
That she strikes every Nerve, and charms every Vein:
When the Dances, the wind is not faster than she,
The grave and precise her motion admire,
Even Judges and Priests, at her feet would expire.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.

Ong since, fair, *Clorinda*, my passion did move, whilst under my friendship, I

cover'd my love; but now I must speak, though I fear 'tis in vain; 'tis too late in my death, to de-



semble my pain: In telling my Love, though I fear she'll deny; I shall ease my sad heart, and more



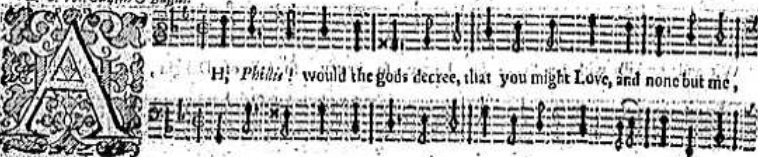
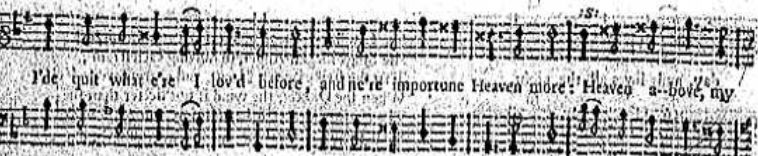
qui et ly dyc.



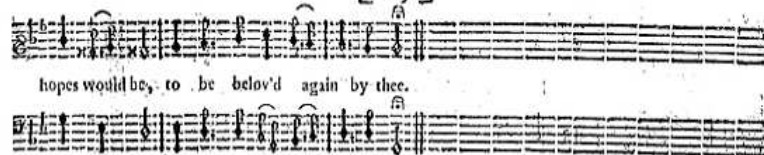
Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.
My Thoughts are so tender, my Tongue cannot tell
What bliss would be yours, could you Love half so well;
Let the thing with a tide our property prove,
Let him have the show, and let me have the Love.
I've lov'd you so long, that if now you delay,
You'll owe me so much as you never can pay.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.

H! *Phillis*! would the gods decree, that you might Love, and none but me,

I'de quit what ere I lov'd before, and he're importune Heaven more: Heaven a-bove, my



hopes would be, to be belov'd again by thee.

Mr. Twiss.

I I.
Ah! should my *Phillis* cruel prove,
And with disdain receive my Love;
Though all my hopes were then in vain,
I'de look on you, and hope again;
And Martyr-like, charm'd with your cause,
Glory to suffer by your laws.

II I.
Though some by chance procure their peace,
My Love before my Life shall cease;
My Love's Immortal as my soul,
Which fate by death cannot controul;
Should you affect to cross my love,
My death my constancy should prove.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.

Henceforth I saw fair *Cassia* Face, so full of Majesty and Grace, As potent

Armies do attack the place, which can't resistance make: So she by pow'r has made her way un-



to my heart, and there does stay, receiving homage, which I pay.

Mr. James Hart.

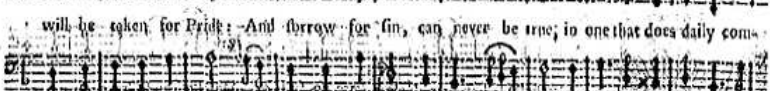
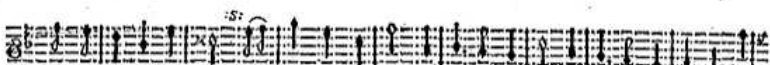
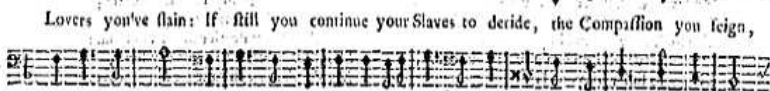
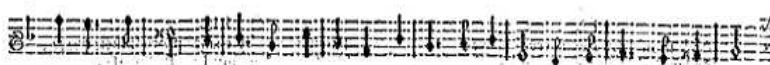
II.
The force of Love, who can withstand
It is in vain to countermand,
What envious *Cupid* has decreed;
Then my poor heart must ever bleed,
Till you, fair Nymph, by pity mov'd,
My Passion having once approv'd,
Can Love, as now you are belov'd.

III.
It would be gallantry in Love,
If *Celia* would the act approve;
Where she so long has caus'd a smart,
There to bestow, as length, her heart,
In doing this, fair Saint, you may
From your blest name, derive a day,
When Lovers unto you shall pray.

A. & P. Cantin & Boston.



IE, *Clarie*, 'tis ill-ly to fight thus in vain; 'tis ill-ly to play the



II.

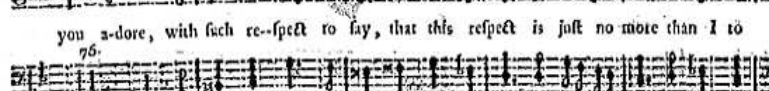
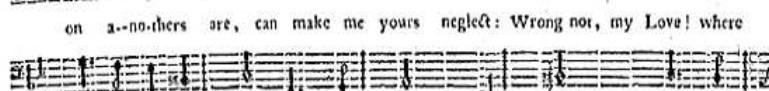
If, while you are Fair, you resolve to be coy,
You may hourly repent, as you hourly del-oy;
Yet none will believe you, protest what you will,
That you grieve for the dead, if you daily do kill.
And where are our hopes, when we zealously woo,
If you vow to abhor what you constantly do.

III.

Then, *Clarie*, be kinder, and tell me my fate,
For the worst I can suffer's to dye by your hate:
If this you design, never fancy in vain
By your Sighs and your tears, to recal me again:
Nor weep at my Grave, for, I swear, if you do,
As you now laugh at me, I will then laugh at you.



Wrong not your lovely Eyes! my Fair, so much as to suspect the charms that



Mr. Matthew Locke.

I.

A general desire to please,
Dwells in all Humane kind;
Such I am sure, would you confess,
In your own Heart you find;
And if the light of others Eyes
To follow, I appear,
Tis that to yours a Sacrifice
More worthy I may bear.

II.

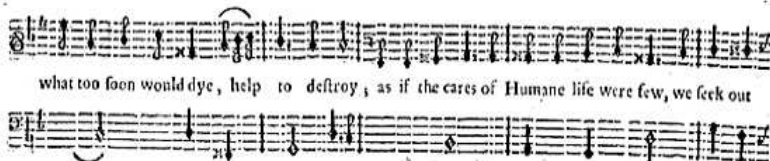
Your Beauty thus, more triumph gains;
I nothing from it take,
But only of your glorious Chains;
My self more worthy make:
Then is this fear of yours but vain,
You cannot be betray'd;
Whatever Trophies I can gain,
Must at your feet be laid.

IV.

Let other Beauties apprehend
To lose their Lovers Heart;
But you have charms that may pretend
To scorn Loves utmost art:
To others therefore, you, the show
Of Love may well endure,
Since only yours my heart, you know,
In your own Eyes secure.



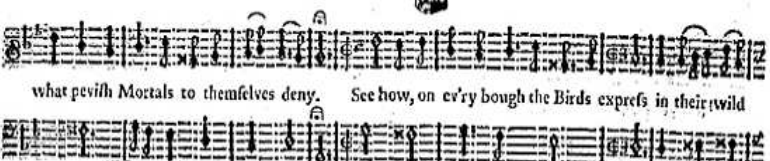
H, fading Joy! how quickly art thou past, yet we thy ruin hast? And



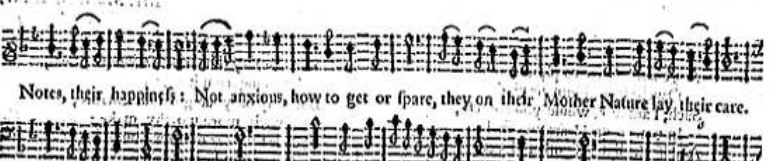
what too soon would dye, help to destroy, as if the cares of Humane life were few, we seek out



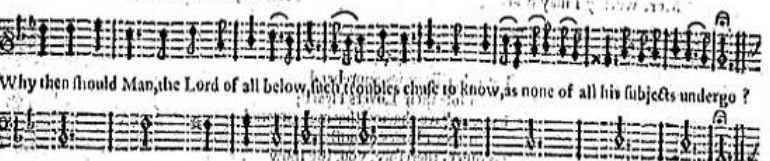
new, And follow Fate, which will too fast pursue, In vain does Nature's bounteous hand supply



what evil Mortals to themselves deny. See how, on every bough the Birds express in their wild



Notes, their happiness: Not anxious, how to get or spare, they on their Mother Nature lay their care.



Why then should Man, the Lord of all below, their troubles chafe to know, as none of all his subjects undergo?

CHORUS. A. 3. Vers.



H Ark! hark! the Waters fall, fall, fall; and with a murm'ring sound, dash, dash, against the



H Ark! hark! the Waters fall, fall, fall; and with a murm'ring sound, dash, dash, against the

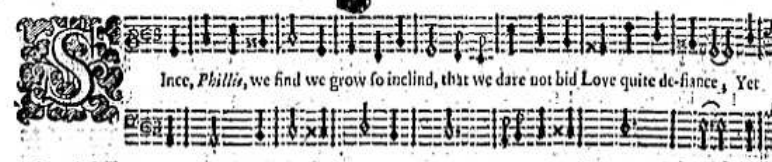


H Ark! hark! the Waters fall, fall, fall; and with a murm'ring sound, dash, dash, against the

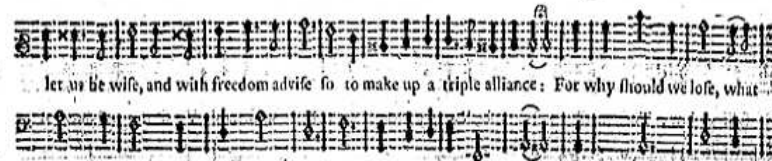


ground, to gentle Slumbers call.

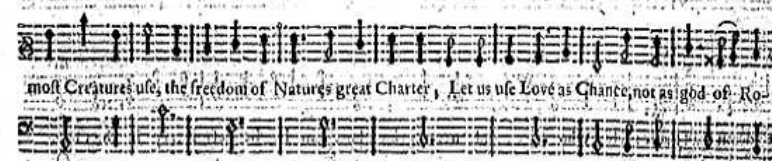
ground, to gentle Slumbers call. Mr. Pelham Humphrey.



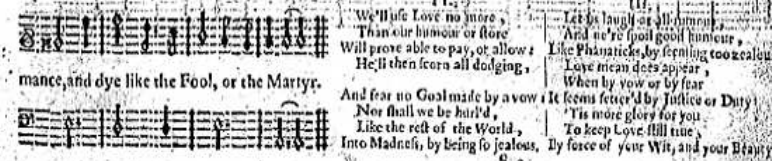
Ince, Phillis, we find we grow so inclin'd, that we dare not bid Love quite de-fiance, Yet



let us be wise, and with freedom advise to make up a triple alliance: For why should we lose, what



most Creatures use, the freedom of Nature's great Charter, Let us use Love as Chance, not as god or Ro-



mance, and dye like the Fool, or the Martyr.

We'll use Love no more,
Than our humour or Rose,
Will prove able to pay, or allow:
He'll then scorn all dodging,
Let us laugh at all Amour,
And ne'er spoil good humour,
Like Phantoms, by seeming too zealous,
Love mean does appear,
When by vow or by fear
It seems fetter'd by Justice or Duty,
'Tis more glory for you
To keep Love still true,
And fear no Goad made by a vow,
Nor shall we be hurl'd,
Like the rest of the World,
Into Madness, by being so jealous,
By force of your Wit, and your Beauty.



When I shall leave this clod of Clay, when I shall see that happy day, that a cold

Bed, a winding Sheet, shall end my Cares, my Griefs, and Tears; And lay me silent at my

Conquerors feet: When a dear Friend shall say, He's gone, alas! he's left us all alone:

I saw him gasping, and I saw him strive in vain, amidst his pain; His Eye-strings breaking, and his

falling Jaw: Then shall no Tears bedew my Hears, no sad uncomfortable Verse my unlamented

death shall shade: He, who alive, did never grieve, how can he be less merry in the Grave?

Then Friends, for a while, be Merry without me, And as fast as you Dye, come flocking about me: In

Gardens and Groves, our day Revels we'll keep, and at night my Theorbo shall Rock you asleep: So

happy we'll prove, that Mortals above, shall envy our Musick, shall en-vy our Love.



But Sighs and Groans now fills my breast, and suffers me to take no rest

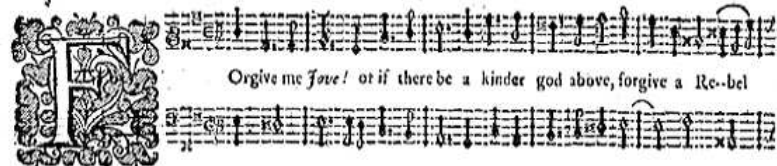
for my *Carmelia*? Oh! she's gone, and left me here to Mourn alone: But, is she dead? then I'll go

see, if in her Grave there's room for mee.

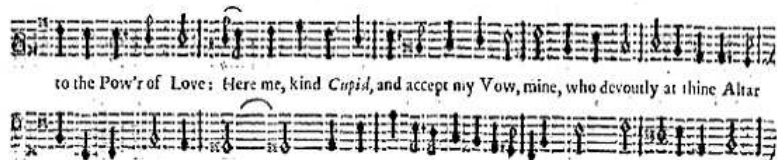
Mr. Robert Spithi.

II.
O cruel Fate! that do design'd
To take her, but leave me behind:
And you, O Death! whose quick Alarms
Hath snatch'd her rudely from my Arms,
Could you not find a way for mee
To my *Carmelia's* Breast to see?

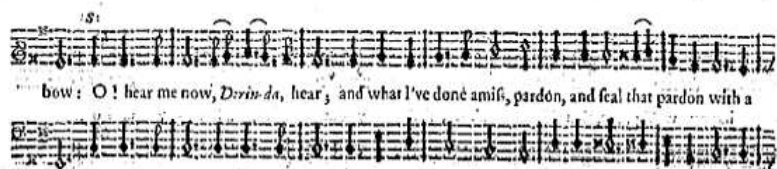
III.
Dye, then *Absemit*! why should'st thou stay,
Since tis *Carmelia* show'd the way?
O Dye, thou'lt fatter'd do not live,
That dearest Nymph for so survive!
O now, dear soul, I come, I flye
Always to live with you, I dye.



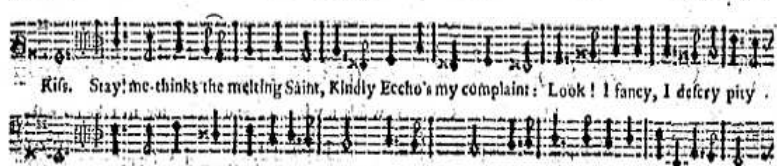
Forgive me *Joze!* or if there be a kinder god above, forgive a Re-bel



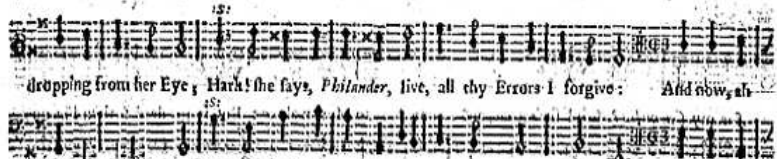
to the Pow'r of Love: Here me, kind *Cupid*, and accept my Vow, mine, who devoutly at thine Altar



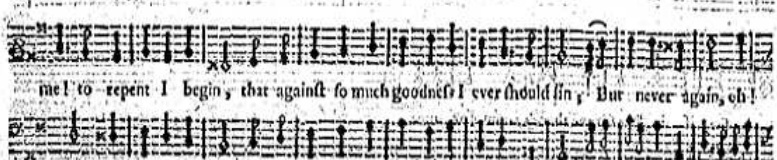
bow: O! hear me now, *Derin-da*, hear, and what I've done amiss, pardon, and seal that pardon with a



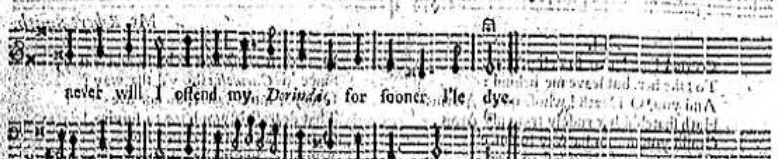
Kiss. Stay! me thinks the melting Saint, kindly Echo's my complaint: Look! I fancy, I decry pity



dropping from her Eye, Hark! she says, *Philander*, live, all thy Errors I forgive: And now, at

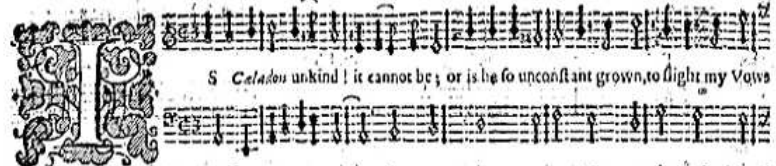


me! to repent I begin, that against so much goodness I ever should sin, But never again, oh!

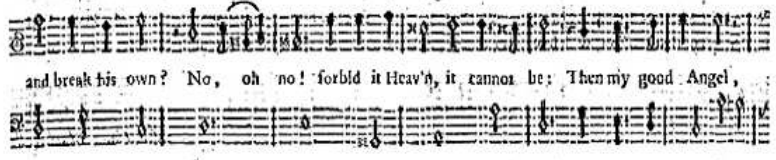


never will I offend my *Derinda*, for sooner, He, dye, than I should sin in A

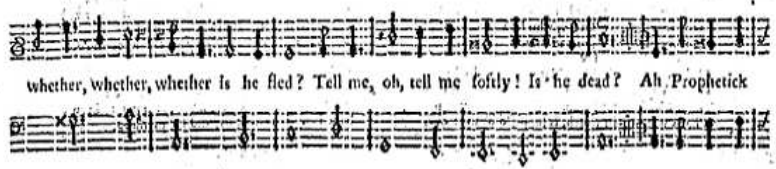
Mr. Tho. Farmer.



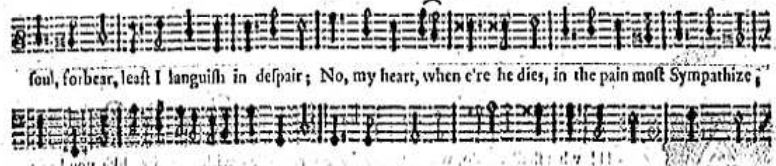
S *Caladon* unkind! it cannot be; or is he so unconstant grown, to slight my Voys



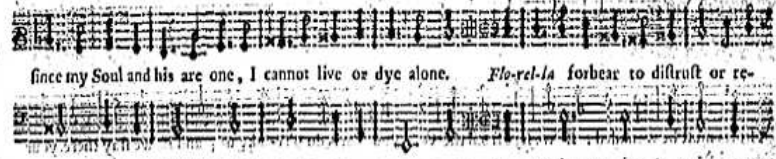
and break his own? No, oh no! forbid it Heav'n, it cannot be: Then my good Angel,



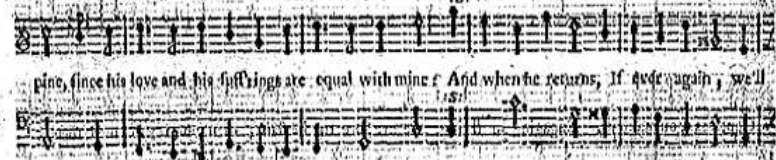
whether, whether, whether is he fled? Tell me, oh, tell me softly! Is he dead? Ah, Prophetic



soul, forbear, lest I languish in despair; No, my heart, when e're he dies, in the pain most Sympathize,



since my Soul and his are one, I cannot live or dye alone. *Flo-rel-la* forbear to distrust or re-

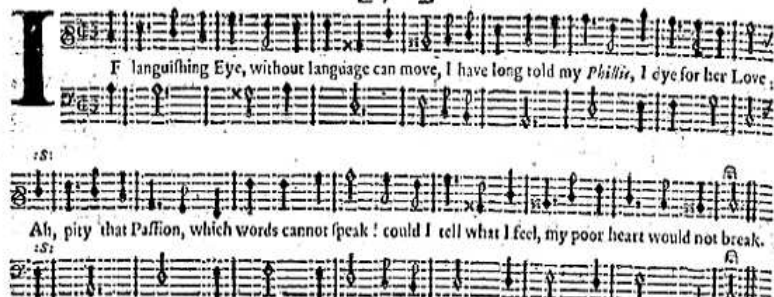


pine, since his love and his sufferings are equal with mine: And when he returns, If ever again, we'll



Kiss away Sorrow, and laugh away Pain.

Mr. James Hart.



Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

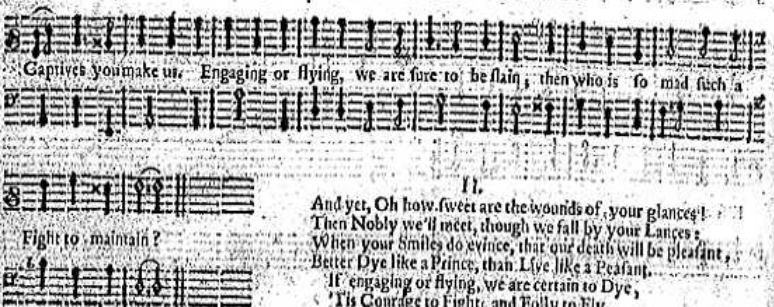
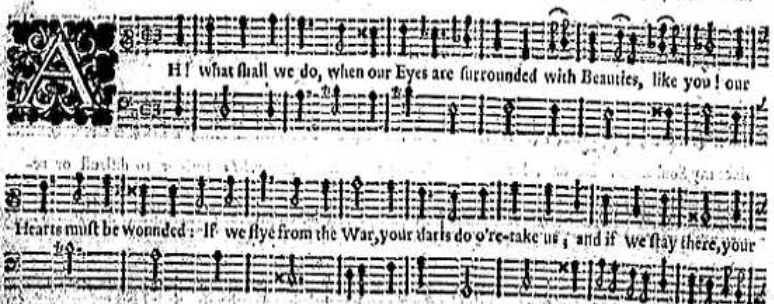
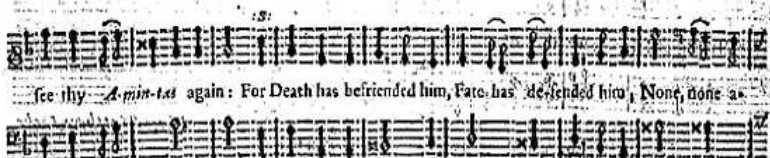
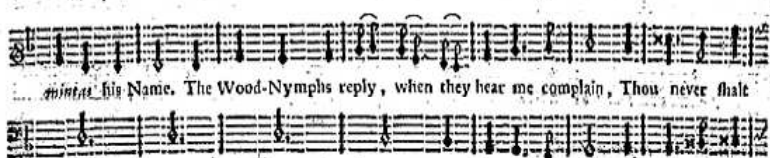
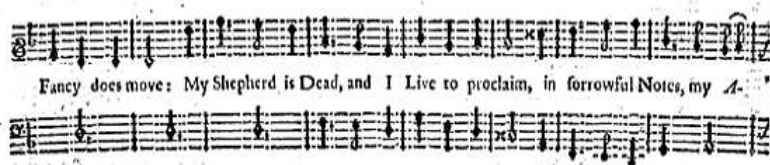
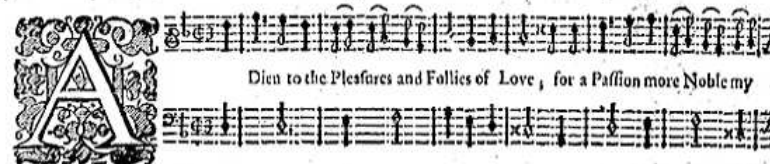
II.
I plead not desert, for the Beauty I serve;
But 'tis nobler to give what none can deserve:
In the crowd of my Rivals, who sigh and adore,
None merit you less, or can value you more.

IV.
All joys are so order'd by Nature's great doom,
That what e'er we possess from another must come:
Then, *Phillis*, what pleasure with me may you prove,
What's wanting in worth, is supply'd by my Love.

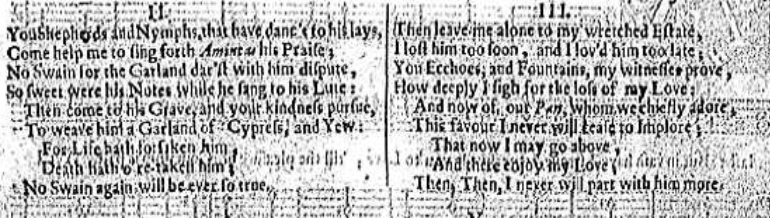
III.
To purchase a Smile, or a glance from your Eyes,
Both my Fortune and Life were too little a prize:
But if to desert you can only be kind,
Like Heaven, you must to your self be confin'd.

V.
Our life is uneasy, and fullen our state,
Ev'ry Minute is angry, and full of debate:
But kind was the power, who, our quiet to keep,
Sent Love to relieve us, and lay us asleep.

VI.
In Ocean of Care, though against Tide we sail,
Yet our Love from behind us supplies a fresh gale:
The Passage is pleasant, but, ah! 'tis too short;
Let us live while we may, we must part at the port.

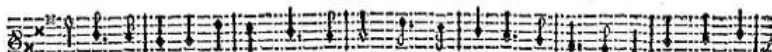
DORINDA Lamenting the loss of her *AMINTAS*.

Mr. James Hart.

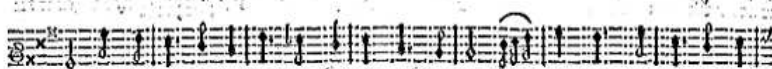
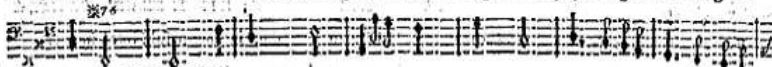




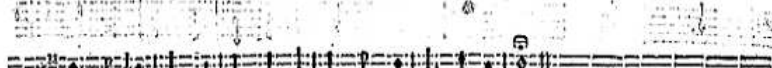
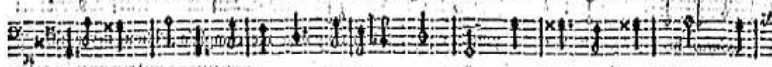
The Delights of the Bottle, and the Charms of good Wine, To the



Pow'r and the Pleasures of Love must resign; Though the Night in the Joys of good Drinking be



past: The Debaucheries but till the next morning doth last: But Loves great Debauch is more



lasting and strong, for that often lasts a Man all his Life long.

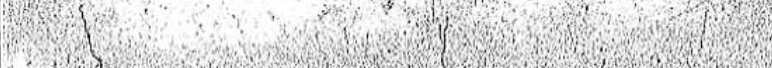
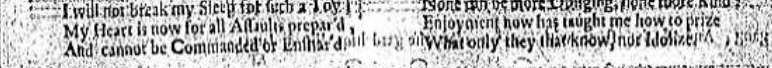
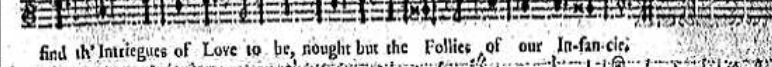
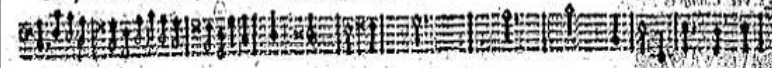
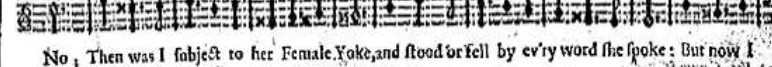
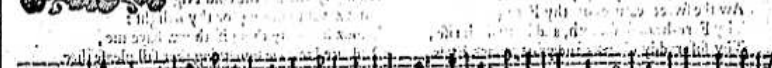
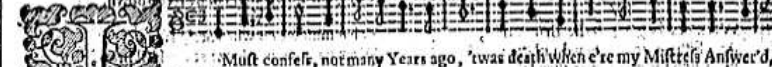
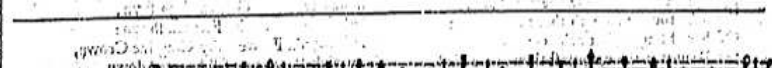
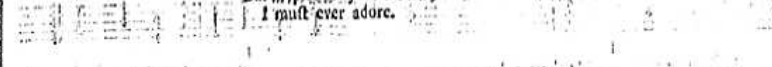
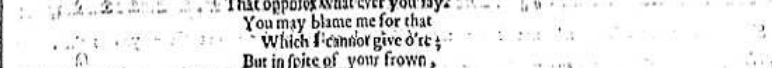
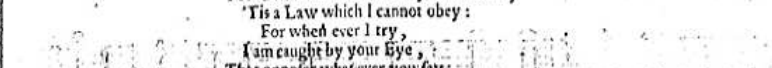
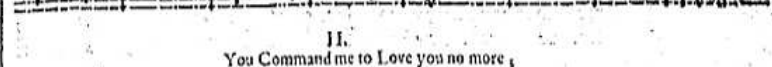
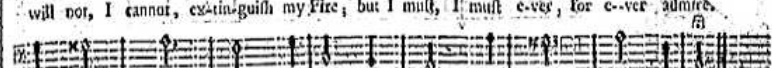
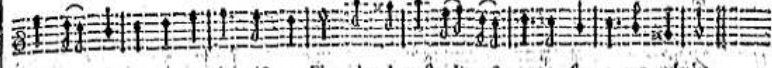
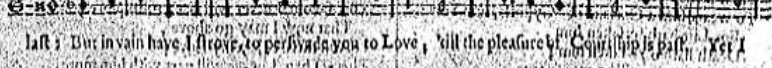
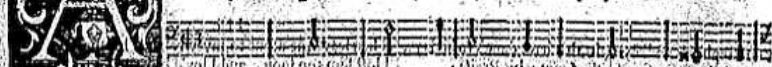


Love and Wine are the Bonds that fasten us all,
The World, but for these, to Confusion would fall:
Were it not for the Pleasure of Love and good Wine,
Mankind for each trifle their Lives would resign.
They'd not value dull Life, nor would live without thinking,
Nor would Kings Rule the World, but for Love and good Drinking.

Mr. Matthew Locke.



Al, how long have I fed my desires, with the hopes you'd be kinder at



A Northern Song, to a Northern Tune.

S It lies down by me, mine own Joy, Thou'z quite kill me, should'it thou prove coy:

Shouldst thou prove Coy and not Love me; Oh! where should I find out sike a yan as thee.

II.
Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,
Yet ne're found yan with thee to compare:
Ofr have I sought, but ne're could find
Sik Beauty as thine, couldst thou prove kind.

Weez yearly gang to the Brook side,
And Fishes catch as they do gloyd:-
Each Fish thyn Prisoner then fall be,
Thonz catch at them, and I'ze catch at thee.

Ize Kiss thy cherry Lips, and praise
 Aw the sweet features of thy Face,
 Thy Fore-head so smooth, and lofty doth rise
 Thy soft ruddy Cheeks and pratty black Eyes

III.
Thouz have a gay Goon and go foyn,
With silver Shoon thy Feet fall shoyne:
With foyn't Flowers thy Crag Ize Crown;
Thy pink Penny-coat fall be laced down.

What mun we do when Scrip is fro?
Weez gang to the Houze at the Hill broo;
And there weez fray and eat the Fish;
But 'tis thy Flesh makes the best dish.

VII.
Ize lig by the aw the cold Night,
Thouz want nothing for thy delight:
Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,
And sure, Ize have something that shall please thee.

I wanted to get all brown and red like Northern Song.

A. S. VIC. CANIM & Dajur.

Why was so blith an Lad, ne an like was in the Town; at Wake and Wassel

Wily had for Dancing chief Renown: He pitch'd the Bar, and hurl'd the Steer, ne'er man cou'd him out

[illegible]

Since *Celia's* my foe, to a *Désart* I'll go, where some *River* flows for ever: *Adieu*

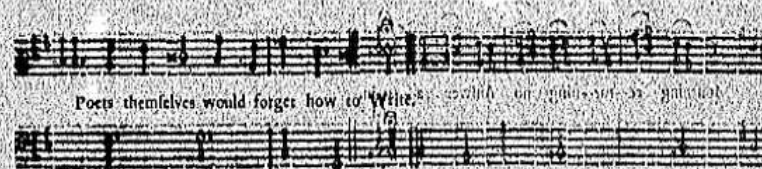
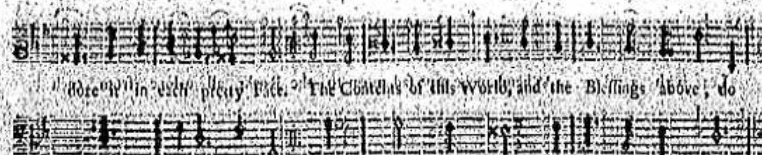
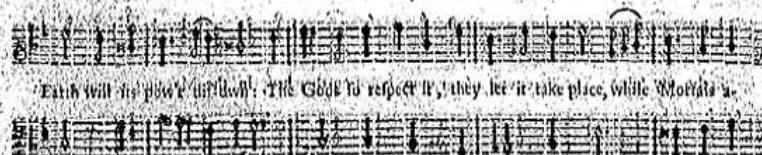
Echo my Vow: The Trees will appear more relishing than her, In the Morning adorning each

The second system of the musical score for 'The Little Boat' consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature remains one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4.

Leaf with a Tear, When I make my sad moan to the Rocks, all alone, from each

Howe will follow a bit further back, but will meet again, he pronounces my plan to my

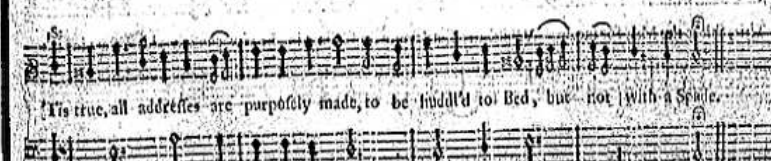
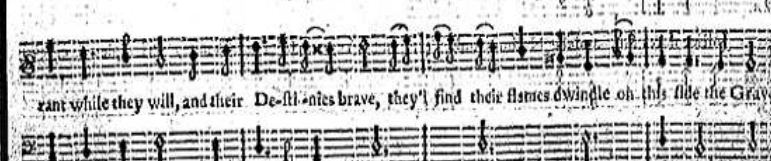
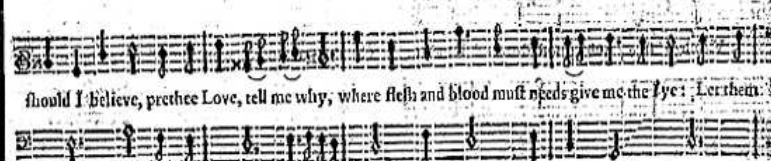
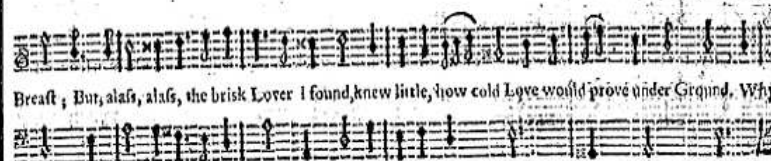
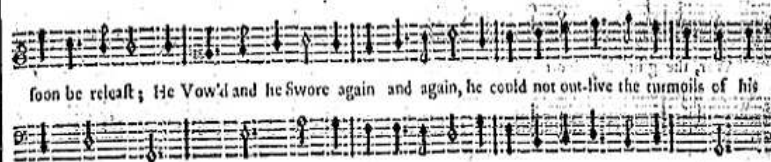
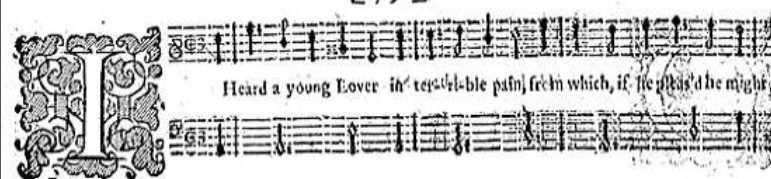
Mourning re-tur-n'ing ho. Answer *a-men*. *on woul' you'd blow ex-ah-men etag'i*



Poets themselves would forget how to Write

Mr. William Turner.

Through Love's true Jewel, yet I dare take care,
How you meet with courage and sincere care,
There's Love that's true, and ready to give,
But your Love in the Mole, has Intrigue by the by,
Though the vain tale Rumour or Passion or Wit,
Condemns to white Honour is proud to fabricate,
'Tis the Passion Heronick, Obliging and Just,
That makes Love Immortal, and Blooms in the Dust.



Mr. William Gregorie.



O, how I abhor the tumult and din of the Town; the clamours of

War, the glittering Court, the fraudulent Gown: The Suburb Debauches, the Cheats of the

City, the rattling of Coaches, and the noise of the men they call Witty. But give me the man from all

Vain-ty free, with good store of Land, and a Country command, who Honest dares be, who

Justice dares do, and the Nation would serve, and ne're from his true Country Principles swerve;

This, this is the Man for me. Whilst the flutt'ring vain Gallant in London consumes his Estate in rich

Cloaths and Perfumes, and makes his Face shine with Burgundine Wine, and on Ponck or on

Band spends his Youth and his Wealth, while such shall his Wit and his Bounty applaud. Give me the good

Man that lives on his own Grounds, and within his own bounds, h's room for his Hawks and his Hounds, can

feast his own Tenants with Fowls and with Fishes, and from his own Plenty with good store of

Dishes, and not with damn'd Wine, but with good *English Ale*, o're their faithful hearts can prevail; and

nothing to others do owe, but from his own House hears his own Oxen Low, and his own Sheep

Bleat, whilst the grateful sounds sweet Echo's repeat: This, this is the Man that is truly call'd Great.

Mr. Robert Smith.

A DIALOGUE between two Shepherdesses and a Shepherd.

First Shepherdess.



Heart in Loves empire, though Jocund and Blythe, from Cares and from

Fears can never be free; 'tis said that with Pleasure we Languish and Sigh: But for all can be

2d Shepherdess.

urg'd there's nothing can be so pleasant, so pleasant as our Li-ber-tie. None are more

happy, nor none are more blest than whom Love does inspire with a gentle soft Fire, when

either do sigh, and neither can rest, how pleasant their Darning, how sweet their desire.

Love is a Blessing, though counted a pain, for take away Love, no Pleasures remain.

Shepherd.

To submit to Loves Law, Ah! how sweet it would be; If in Love we could but so de-li-er

see: But O Rigour extream! O Fate too unkind! A Shepherdess faithful, no Man can find; and

this faithless Sex so inconstant doth prove, they ought not to Live, or ought not to Love.

CHORUS together.

Treble.

Let's permit the soft fire to enflame our Desire, Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two

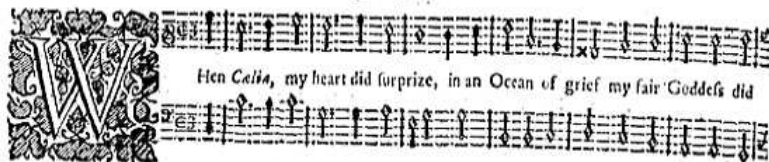
hearts faithful do prove: Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two hearts faithful do prove.

Bass.

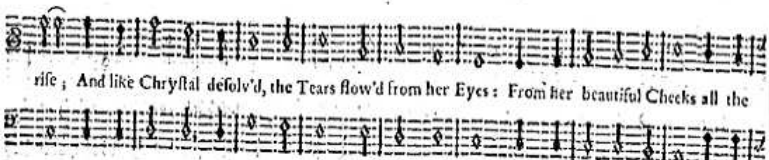
Let's permit the soft fire to enflame our Desire, Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two

hearts faithful do prove: Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two hearts faithful do prove.

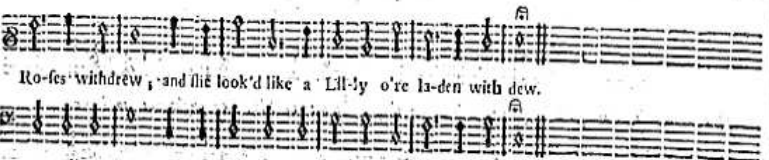
Mr. Robert Smith.



When *Calia*, my heart did surprize, in an Ocean of grief my fair Goddess did



rise; And like Chrystal desolv'd, the Tears flow'd from her Eyes: From her beautiful Cheeks all the



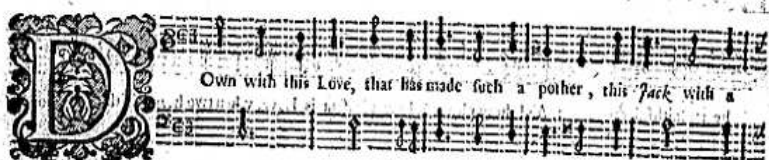
Ro-ses withdrew, and she look'd like a Lil-ly o're la-den with dew.

II.

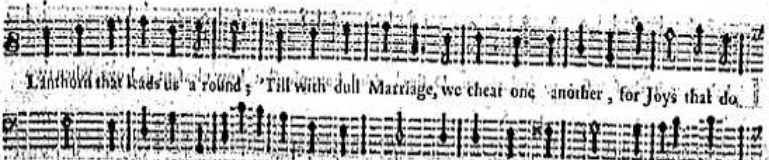
How sweet did her sorrows appear,
How I trembled and sigh'd, and for every Tear
Made a Vow to the Gods, and a Prayer to her,
O, how soft are the wounds, we receive from the fair,
But the Joys and the Pleasures there's none can declare.

III.

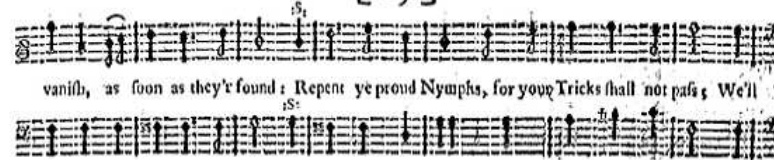
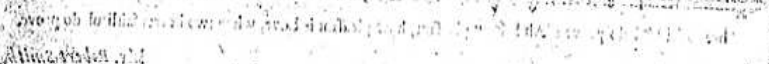
O Love, let us still wear thy Chain,
Let no passion but Love in our Fancies e're reign;
Let us often be cur'd, and ne're freed from our pain:
All the pleasures of Wine to the Sence are confin'd,
But 'tis Love is the noblest delight of the mind.



Own with this Love, that has made such a pothier, this Jack with a



Lanthorn that leads us a round; Till with dull Marriage, we cheat one another, for Joys that do



vanish, as soon as they're found: Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your Tricks shall not pass; We'll



change no more Gold, and good Stones for your Glasse.

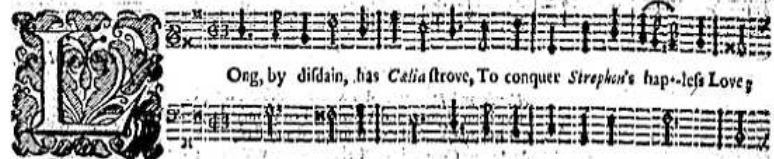
Mr. *Alp. Mair*.

II.

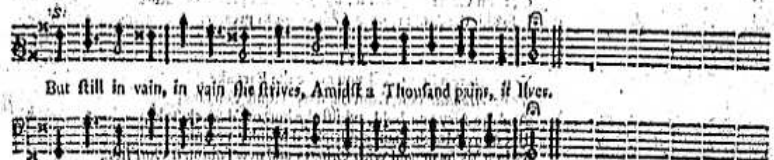
While so severely you rail at the Pleasure,
And kill the poor Lovee, that's at your command;
You, like Phileas, turn head from the Treasure
But, Oh, how you grasp what is put in your hand:
Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your Tricks shall not pass;
We'll change no more Gold and good Stones for your Glasse.

III.

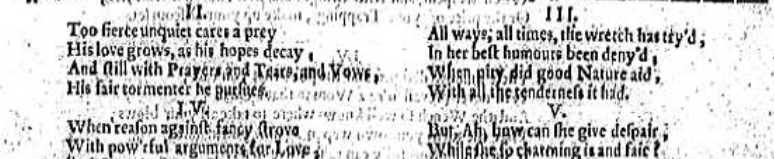
When the short Minute we sigh for, is over,
The Nymph is more kind, and more brisk than before;
But how dejected and dull is your Lover,
To find all his Passion has purchas'd no more:
Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your Tricks shall not pass;
We'll give no more Gold and good Stones for your Glasse.



ong, by disdain, has *Calia* strove, To conquer *Strepson's* hap-less Love;

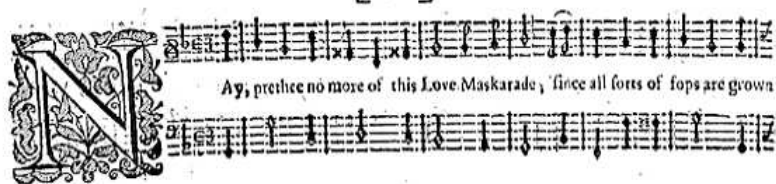


But still in vain, in vain she strives, Amidst a Thousand pains, it lives.



Too fierce unquiet cares a prey
His love grows, as his hopes decay,
And still with Prayers and Tears, and Vows,
His fair tormenter he pursues,
All ways; all times, the wretch has try'd;
In her best humours been deny'd;
When pity did good Nature aid,
With all the tenderness it find.

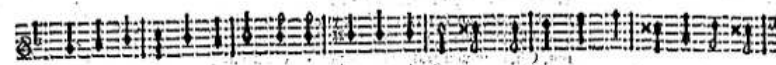
When reason against fancy strove
With powerful arguments for Love,
Such Love as she must needs esteem,
And like, had it not come from him.
But, Ah, how can she give despair;
While this so charming is and fair?
Still her sharp Answers will be born,
Her Eyes more force have than her Scorn.



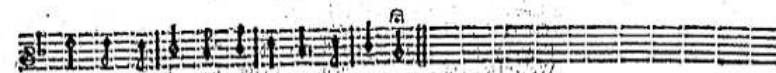
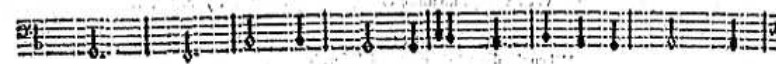
Ay, prethee no more of this Love Maskarade, since all sorts of fops are grown



old in the Trade: All the Pleasures are gone, and the Cheat so well known, That 'twill ru-in more



Lovers than e-ver it made: If you think your a 'Wit, and would fain have me know it, you must



Leave this dull Road of the o-ver-ridd Po-et.



Mr. Alph. Marsh.

II.

Alexis, and Damon, and Twenty Swains more,
Have been Sighing and Vowing, Ten thousand times o'er,
Let me dye, and all that is insipid and flat,
And your Courtships as ferious to every Whore:
O, thou Charming Divine, and Oh sweet pretty Creature
Is so old, the Amours of a Cöbler looks greater.

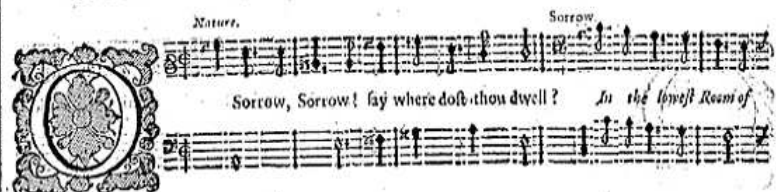
III.

You torture a Song, 'till you make the Barsake
Your *Alamode* Wit, from the Play-House you take,
And are Airy and bold, whilst the borrow'd Stock hold,
But more Mouth than a disciple'd Munkie you make,
When 'tis spent, and with Cringes and new fashion'd Court-lies,
Or the price of your Trappings, make up your Discourses.

IV.

These shallow designs, and the plots that you cast,
Will never prevail, o're a Woman that's Chast,
And the Wench so well knows where to take all your blows,
That she turns your own weapon against you at last:
If such humorous folly can raise Love in any,
Scarcely shall be sooner prefer'd than his *Zany*.

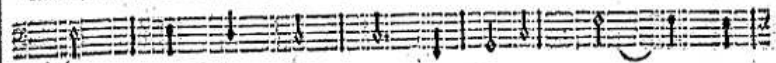
A DIALOGUE between NATURE and SORROW.



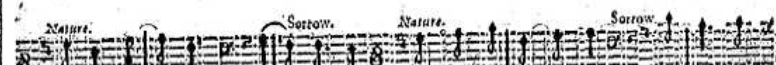
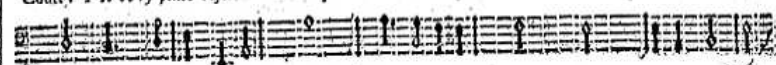
Sorrow, Sorrow! say where dost thou dwell? In the sweet Realm of



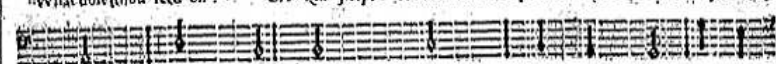
Hell. Art thou Born of Human Race? No, No, I have a *Furies Fate*. Art thou in City, Town, or



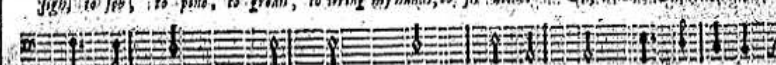
Court? I to ev'ry place resort. O Why into the World was Sorrow sent? Men afflicted best repent,



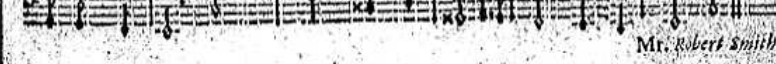
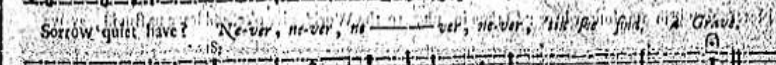
What dost thou feed on? Bro-ken sleep: What tak'st thou pleasure in? To weep, to



Sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan, to wring my hands, to sit alone. Oh, when! Oh, when shall I

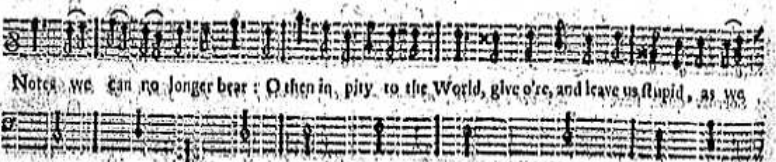
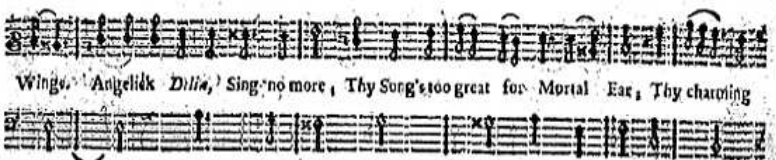
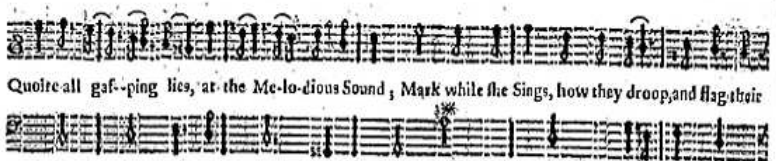
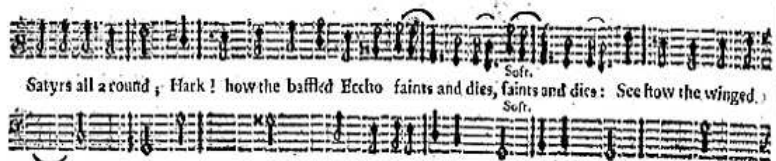
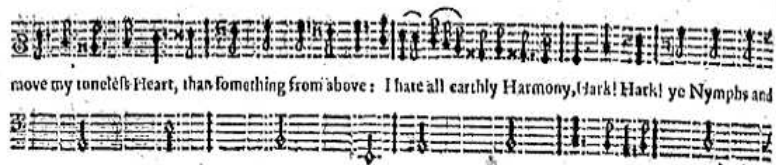
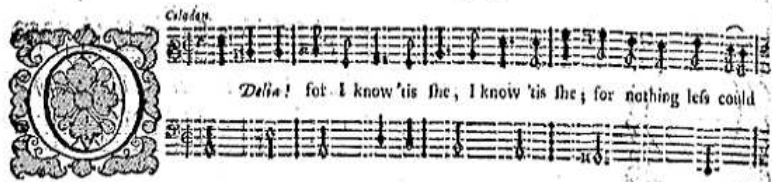


Sorrow, gale have? Ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, till the world is dead.

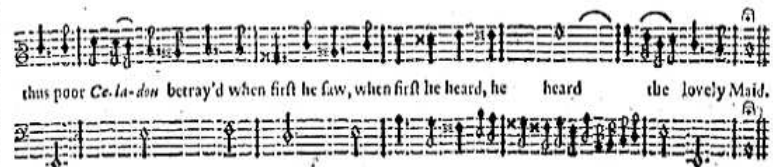
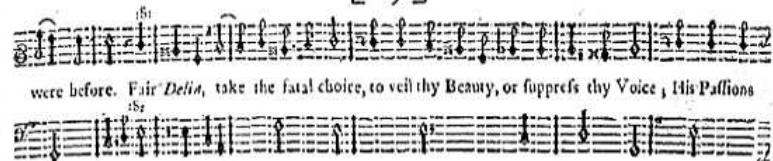


Mr. Robert Smith.

CELADON on DELIA'S Singing: A Pastoral.



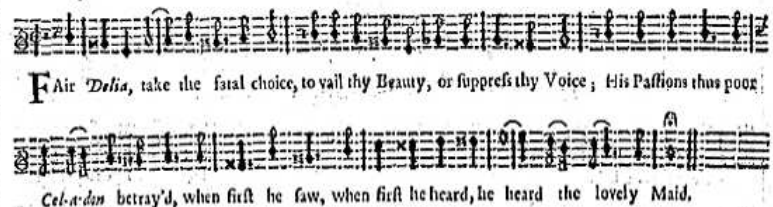
Adagio. And. C. 114



CHORUS.

CANTUS.

A. 3. voc.



A. 3. voc.

MEDIUS.



A. 3. voc.

BASSUS.



AA

Mr. William Gregory

A. DIALOGUE between THIRSI and DORINDA.

Dorinda.



Then Death shall part us from these Kids, and put up our divided Lids, Tell me,

Thirsi, prithee do, whether thou and I shall go?
 Oh! Where's it?
 To the E-li-zium. A Chast

Dorinda.
 I know no way but one, our Home: Is our Cell E-li-zium?
 Soul can never miss't. Turn thine Eye to yonder

Thirsi.
 Say, then the Milky way doth lye. He's sure, but rugged way that leads to E-ver-lasting day.

Dorinda.
 There Birds may Nest, but how shall I, that have no Wings, and cannot Fly, find out that way?
 Thirsi.
 Do not sigh, fair Nymph, for

Free has no Wings, yet doth aspire, 'till it hit against the Pole, Heav'n's the Center of the

Dorinda.
 But in E-li-zium how do they pass E-ter-ni-ty a-way?
 Soul. Oh, there is neither Hope nor Fear; there

is no Wolf, nor Fox, nor Bear; No need of Dog to fetch our Pray, our Light-foot we may

Dorinda.
 Oh, give away, No Oat-pigs needful, There thy Rags may Sleep with Munk of the Sphears.

Thirsi.
 Oh, sweet A-bode I say, where Gods, by silent thoughts, meditate! I prithee let us spend our time to

come in talking of E - li - zi - um.

Thirst.

Then I'll go on. There Sheep are full of sweet-tell

Grass, and softest Wool, There Birds sing Comfort, Garlands grow, cool Winds do whisper

Springs do flow, There always is a ri - ling Sun, and Day is e - ver but begun, Shepherds

Dorinda.

Oh me! Oh

there bear e - qual sway, And ev'ry Nymphs a Queen of May.

Dorinda.

I'm Sick, I'm Sick, and fain would Dye, Convince me now that this is

Dorinda. Why don't cry?

true, by blading with me, all adieu

Thirst.

I cannot live without thee, I, I'll for thee, much more with thee Dye.

C H O R U S together.

Dorinda.

Then let us give Clo - ril - lo charge o' th Sheep, and thou and I'll pick Poppies, and then sleep in.

Thirst.

Then let us give Clo - ril - lo charge o' th Sheep, and thou and I'll pick Poppies, and then sleep in.

Wine, and drink on't even 'till we Weep, we Weep, So shall we smoothly pass a - way.

Wine, and Drink on't even 'till we Weep, we Weep, So shall we smoothly pass a - way.

way, a - way, a - way in Sleep.

way, a - way, a - way in Sleep.

Mr. Matthew Locke.

TOM a Bedlam.

For a Bass alone.



Orth from the dark and dismal Cell, or from the deep a-biss of Hell, Mad Tom is come to

view the World again; to see if he can Cure his d-temper'd Brain: Fears and Cares oppress my Soul;

Hark, how the angry Furies howl; Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad, to see poor angry Tom of

Bedlams Mad. Through the World I wander night and day, to find my stragling Senses, in an angry mood I

met Old Time With his Pentateuch of Tenes, when m- he spies, away he flies, for Time will stay for

no man; in vain with cries, I tend the Skies, for Pity is not common. Cold and comfortless I ly,

Help, help, oh help, or else I dye! Hark, I hear Apollo's Team, the Carman gins to whistle, Chast Di-

na bends her Bow, and the Boar begins to bristle. Come Vulcan with Tools and with Tackles, to

knock off my troublesome Shackles: Did Charis make ready his Wain, to bring me my Senses a-gain,

II.
Last Night I heard the Dog Star bark,
Mars met Venus in the Dark;
Limping Vulcan hent an Iron Bar,
And furiously made at the great God of War;
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
Limping Vulcan had got the Gout;
His broad Horns did hang so in his sight,
That he could not see to aim his blows aright.
Mars was the nimble Post of Heaven,
Blood still to see the Quarrel;
Gorrel-belly'd Bacchus, Gyant-like,
Bestrid a Strong-beer Barrel;
To me he Drank, I did him thank;

But I could drink no Sider,
He drank whole Buts; 'till he burst his Guts,
But mine was neerer the wider.
Poor Tom is very Dry;
A little Drink for Charity;
Hark! I hear Atlas's Tumors;
The Hunts-man Hoops and Hollows;
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the Chase doth follow.
The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
Eats Powder'd-Beef, Turnep, and Carret;
Bor a Cup of Malligo Sack,
Will fire the Bush at his Back.

The Town Gallant.



Et us Drink and be Mer-ry, Dance, Joke, and Rejoice, with Claret and

Sherry, Theorbo and Voice, The changeable World to our Joy is unjust, all Treasure's un-

certain, then down with your Dust: In Frolicks dispose your Pounds, Shillings and Pence, For

we shall be nothing a Hundred years hence. We'll Kiss and be free with Adell, Betty, and Nelly, Hays,

Oysters, and Lobsters, and Maids by the Belly, Fish Dinners will make a Last Spring like a Flea, Dame

Venus (Love's Goddess) was born of the Sea. With Bacchus and with her we'll tickle the fence,

For we shall be past it a Hundred Years hence.

III.
Your most Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honesty sells for a Hogs of Honour, (dor,
Whole lightness and brightness doth shine in such splen-
That none but the Stars are thought fit to attend her,
Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,
Will be damnable muddy a hundred years hence.

IV.
The Usurer, that in the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth, and pines in his Plenty,
Lays up for a season which he shall ne'er see,
The Year of One thousand eight hundred and three,
His wit and his wealth, his law, learning and fence,
Shall be turned to nothing a hundred years hence.

V.
Your Chancery-Lawyer, who by Subtily thrives,
In spinning out Suits to the length of three Eves,
Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in slavery,
Whilst Pleader makes Conscience a cloak for his knavery,
May boast of his subtily in the Present Tense,
But Not of his subtily a hundred year hence.

VI.
Then why Should we turmoil in Cares and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquillity to Sighs and Tears?
Let us eat, drink and play, till the Worms do corrupt us,
Tis certain, that post mortem nulla Dolores.
Let's deal with our Damocles, that we may from thence
Have Broods to succeed us a hundred year hence.